

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

\$3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

DEVOTED TO RADICAL REFORM.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, }

CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1867.

VOL. I.—NO. 12.

Marching of the Times.

BY E. T. WATSON.

Pure as the stream from Horeb's rock,
The crystal waves of truth shall flow,
A source of light, and life, and love,
From heaven above to earth below.
Where'er throughout earth's vast domain,
The influence of its spirit goes,
The desert places shall rejoice,
And bloom, and blossom as the rose.
Then work, oh toilers in the harvest,
Ripening o'er the world's wide plain;
Listen to the angel voices,
As they sing the glad refrain—
Fear ye not, nor grow ye weary,
God's own joy bells ring the chimes,
And the joyous notes of freedom,
Echoes back from distant climes,
Whilst each heart throbs beats responsive
To the marching of the times.
To the solemn, steady marching,
Onward marching of the times.

Already, o'er the brightening sky,
The glorious day-dawn beams afar;
Before it flee the demon forms,
Of want, and pestilence, and war.
No more shall strife and discord reign,
But true to God and nature's plan,
Each land shall own the heaven born creed,
The world-wide brotherhood of man.
Work, toilers, work; the day that's coming,
Brings rich reward for all your pain;
Help to swell the angel chorus,
Catch the soul inspiring strain—
Fear ye not, nor grow ye weary,
God's own joy bells ring the chimes;
Onward ever, falter never,
Till the earth be freed from crimes,
And each footfall beats the measure,
To the marching of the times;
To the grand, majestic marching,
Onward marching of the times.

West Chester, Pa., February 27, 1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Illinois on January 5th, 1867, by Mrs. C. F. Corbin.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

BY MRS. C. F. CORBIN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RIGHT OF A WOMAN TO HAVE A HUSBAND.

Laura Darrell's projects for turning reformer were yet to experience a decided check. She herself was to pass through a fiery ordeal. She had taken a full course in the great school of maternity, but she had not yet received her diploma: the sign manual of nature, which should set her free from the narrow confines of the home, and make her a citizen of the world.

The doctor was called in and gave his verdict.

"You mustn't try to do much this year, Laura, but take care of yourself. Keep out of doors a good deal: take light exercise as you feel able, but don't over-do; keep your mind free; let books alone, if—you can. Your sole business this year ought to be to make sure of a strong and healthy old age."

It was a hard trial to Laura with her active temperament to feel that she must "keep still," for perhaps a whole year. But there is, after all, scarcely anything which cultivates more deeply the spiritual graces than patient waiting. It is the kind of discipline which women have all their lives to endure, and which, if nothing else, would ensure them a beauty and harmony of character far beyond that of men.

Mr. Darrell tried to comfort her.

"Laura," he said, "I have been a slave to business long enough. I'm going to sell out my active interest in the mills, retaining only a silent partnership, and that will give me plenty of time to stay with you, and take care of you. In the years gone by, I don't think I have always done my duty by you, but now I'm going to make amends."

He finished within a week the contemplated arrangement, and Laura felt that now indeed she should have a husband.

But Mr. Darrell found that he could not throw off the habit of years, like a garment. His mornings hung heavy

on his hands if he didn't go down to the office and keep the run of things there. If he staid at home in the afternoon, or took Laura out to drive, he missed the stimulus of his old keen activity, and very likely grew listless and indifferent. Little by little, too, it became evident that from living so long in a region of thought and feeling so apart from that of his wife, there had grown to be a great gulf between them which it was exceedingly difficult for him to pass. When Laura talked to him of her headaches, her nervousness, and all the other depressing symptoms of her condition, she might as well have talked Greek. He heard her, felt sorry for her in a general way, but had absolutely no sympathetic appreciation of her feelings.

A great deal is said, and justly, concerning the need of training young women to make good wives, but who ever thought it necessary to train up young men to make good husbands? Michelet in his *L'Amour*, has indeed made a step in this direction, and considering that it is a Frenchman talking to Frenchmen, he might have done much worse. The intention, indeed, of the whole book is worthy of much praise, but the execution of it has involved so many errors and some of them so flagrant, and from anybody but a Frenchman whose vision has been distorted by the unblushing immorality of the people among whom he lives, so insulting to woman, that the book amounts after all to no more than a finger-post.

In marrying, a man takes into his care and keeping, a being not only the purest in spirit which the world contains but also the most exquisite and delicate in physical organization—an organization with finer adjustments and nobler uses than any man possesses, however perfect he may himself be in physical development. This being whom he calls his wife, has her seasons of exaltation and depression, her nodal points of silence as well as her tremulous chords of melody of which he knows nothing but the external phenomena. Furthermore, she has a whole range of experiences, continuing for a year or more at a time, and of the highest possible importance to himself, herself, and the race, in which he cannot possibly share, except as she admits him to her confidence, and this confidence it is not her nature to impart, except under the tenderest and most delicately appreciative circumstances. The most refined physical manifestation is that which proceeds from the nerves, and of this nervous sensibility she has more, by virtue of that part of her organization which constitutes her a woman, than he has in his whole body, as the most enlightened physicians readily allow. She is, therefore, correspondingly quick and delicate in her feelings, and shy and timid in her manner of expressing them, except as they are drawn out by means of her love for her husband, which impels her to share everything, even this, her most sacred inheritance with him. But the husband at his marriage knows of these facts only the hard, material outlines; because medical books being all the work of men, contain no more than this. If the husband be a coarse, or an unobservant, or a pre-occupied man, he may be for a life-time the companion of a woman, and her deepest meaning be all the time as much a sealed mystery to him, as the curve of the Ellipse was to all astronomers, until at last, the truth slowly broke upon the world that it was the sweep of God's hand for the stars to follow in.

And she, all the time bears the burdens alone, which it is his right and duty to be daily sharing with her.

All honor to the French savants Paul Du Bois, and Cazeau, and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and others of like spirit for the work they are doing. Ten thousand, and twice ten thousand thanks to them for letting in the so much needed light of science upon the old vexed question of the essential purity of woman's nature; but can they expect those poor hapless bodies, fished out of the Seine, stark and cold, to reveal to them the glowing secret of womanhood?

Oh! fathers, and brothers, and husbands, if you would study the hearts and lives of the dear companions of your homes with tenderness and purity and love, you might shame these workers in poor dead matter by the brilliancy of your discoveries.

Laura learned all these things by sad experience. In a month's time, the story of her daily and nightly distresses had grown a weariness to her husband; his patience was exhausted, and if he ever spoke of her ill-health at all, it was to vent some spleeny remark about the unreasonableness of the female sex.

And now the great temptation of Laura's life assailed her. Her husband's love, in times like this, fell far short of her actual and just requirements. She could not make her soul contented with it. Was it not an occasion to beckon the tempter to her side? Laura Darrell had a strong mind, and a pure

heart, and no outward sign or token gave evidence of the inward weakness; but many a delicate and over-taxed woman has gone to her doom through just this gap in conjugal duties. And the world has condemned her so much the more because she had—such a good husband!

But in this as in many another time of trial, Laura leaned on her friend.

"Rebecca," she said, "you must give up your copying, and during all your spare hours devote yourself to me." And Mr. Gladstone who had an interest now that this woman should not be overworked, about the same time refused to give her further employment. So after office hours, the two women had long talks together.

There was one thing which Ralph could do, and did do, without stint, and that was to watch the issues of new books, and keep these two women provided with the mental aliment they so much loved. To be sure the doctor had said, "You must let books alone," and Laura did abstain from laborious reading; but she took great delight in watching the march of thought; and in culling here and there the most significant tokens of its progress. And to all these suggestions, she ever added much that was the product of her own quick and fertile brain.

"I am so glad," she said to Rebecca, one day, "to see this Woman Question everywhere growing in importance. In British homes, and Roman studios, and French ateliers, and in our own American halls of legislation, it is the constantly recurring theme. It is, to be sure, only the more superficial aspects, of it which are now considered. There are depths on depths yet unsounded, but the eternal underlying principles will be reached at length; and then it will be found that as in the original creation, the law of precedence was first the male and then the female, and as though men of science are slow to see it, the same law still holds in human reproduction, so the eras of the race arrange themselves. First the material or masculine one; second and formed from its substance, as woman from the rib of man, the feminine or spiritual one."

"Very like, very like," parenthesized Ralph, who had strolled into the room during the conversation and sat reading a magazine. "The individual woman always will have the last word, as everybody knows; why shouldn't the typical woman insist on the same privilege in regard to the world's affairs?"

Laura went on without heeding him. "So far, woman has lived under protest; a riddle, a perplexity to all beholders, and too often to herself; seen by poets as a princess in disguise, and by practical men as an escaped lunatic, sadly in need of a strait jacket. Seeming to herself to have inherited a nature as sad and profound and mysterious as that of the ancient sphinx; yet patiently, though painfully, biding her time. The ages only can interpret the Divine, but they are in themselves the mirror of his Being, and they will at last fully reflect his whole purpose concerning woman. Thinking of all this, and seeing how slowly women prepare themselves for the great coming change, I long to cry aloud:

"You are queens, my sisters, put on your ermine. Let every thought and word and deed, be worthy of your royal lineage. Let your lives unroll themselves before the world in a pageantry of honor, fortitude, devotion, purity, before which the splendors of the Field of the Cloth of Gold shall grow pale! Our brothers have subdued the world to the power of the flesh. It is ours to subdue it to the power of the spirit."

"That would be a very different cry from the one which has sounded in the ears of women for six thousand years," said Rebecca. "So long as labor was deemed an unmitigated evil, it is not strange that the pain and peril of child-bearing should have been looked upon as a weakness and a curse: but since labor is found to be beneficent, and of true dignity one would think that the vocation of woman also, ought to be rescued from the ancient ban."

"It stings my soul with scorn and indignation," said Laura, "to hear the functions of woman stigmatized as a shame and an infirmity. When such teachings are so universal, when to the pain and suffering which a woman sees before her, to be borne, in most cases, with little help from her husband, is added a sense of inferiority and ignominy, it is no wonder that thousands have recourse to the most cruel and unnatural expedients for avoiding them. It is a burning shame and disgrace to women, but it is one for which men are fully one-half responsible."

"I have often thought," said Rebecca, "when I have heard the sex reproached with never having produced a genius equal to that of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Goethe, that the world greatly misconceives the line of woman's power. The sex may or may not ever produce such examples

of intellectual greatness; but it is very certain that without the agency of women, these men could never have been born geniuses. Men like Bonaparte and Shakspeare may doubtless owe much of their greatness to the effect of seemingly fortuitous circumstances upon the organization of the mother, as Bonaparte certainly did, and Shakspeare most probably; but it is safe to assert that a Washington could only be born of a woman whose soul was built up in the most noble and harmonious proportions. And even of Christ it may be said without irreverence, that his human nature could never have reached its perfect poise and responsiveness to the divinity within it, if it had been developed from any flawed or discordant source."

"Rebecca, the more I think these things over the clearer it becomes to me that the progress of the world, or what is the same thing, the development of the race, depends mainly upon the women who are mothers. Women are God's agents for renewing the spiritual life of the world; and during the time of the direct exercise of her maternal functions, nature sets the mother carefully apart from all profane or unholy uses, guards her on every hand from the ordinary perils of human life and impresses upon her nervous system a peculiar sensitiveness not only to all outward agencies that she may withdraw herself from them, but also to all pure and elevating, and refining influences that she may drink them in, and so expand and uplift her own soul, for the expansion and uplifting of the new soul which is being created. If women would only speak aloud and tell the world what they know concerning these super-masculine experiences, there would be proof brought to convince the most scornful."

"And let us hope to imbue the minds of women with a healthy, cheerful sense of the responsibility and high honor of their holy calling, to break the bonds of their selfishness to open their eyes to true wisdom, and so to help on by a mighty impetus the millennial glory."

At that moment, Ralph threw down his magazine and joined the discussion. He had grown a little stout with his advancing years, and had now and then a thread of silver scattered through his curling hair, but was still a remarkably handsome man of forty-five with the alertness of his manners subdued by leisure into a look of keen intelligence mingled with good humor. He was just in time to catch the tenor of Rebecca's last remark.

"Woman's Rights and the millennium!" he exclaimed, with the familiarity of a man in his own house. "My dear women, you are carrying this matter too far. No doubt the affairs of women need a little looking to. The world was not made for women but for men, and women having been so far at least, a sort of supernumeraries in the world's affairs, naturally, get overlooked and neglected some times. But we shall set all this right by and by, as we find opportunity and accord to woman all the rights and privileges which are her due, long before the millennium gets here."

"That is," said Laura, "when the railroads are all built, and the cotton mills got into just the proper condition, and the European emigrants all taken care of—that is the men among them, and the Africans all established in their proper sphere and installed in all their privileges, and a few other hobbies disposed of, you will take our case into consideration. I'm afraid the millennium will get ahead of you at that rate, Ralph."

"Well, dear me, Laura, there is one right which *always* has been accorded to women and always will be, and that is the right to scold. But what I was coming at, if you hadn't interrupted me, was this: that when you talk about these exclusive experiences of women, you make a very one-sided affair of it, forgetting that men too have their exclusive experiences. What does a woman know about the troubles and perplexities of a business man? or what does the wife of a poet, if she be an ordinary good house-wife, know of the grand imaginations and inspirations of the great man's soul? I tell you there are two sides to the story."

"We are speaking of quite a different thing from all that. These things are accidental, mere circumstances common to both sexes. It may just as well be the woman—in France commonly is—who carries on the business and experiences the perplexities; or who has the poet soul and is mated with the common place man, as Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Norton were. But this other thing is a matter quite separate, in which every woman—from her who scrubs knives and scours floors for a living, to the queen upon her throne—has a share, and to which no man, from highest to lowest, can be admitted. The functions of woman which are *additional* to those of man, which depend upon organs he does not possess, either actually or by correspondence, impose upon her from the moment of maturity, conditions both physical and mental of health and disease which are impossible to him, and for which he has no counterbalancing power. The function of maternity is not a small and unimportant one, but as reproduction is always and everywhere the highest aim of physical life, a grand and crowning one. The organism employed is only less complex and sensitive than the brain, and the physical experiences to which it gives rise, form the most varied and important modifications of the human system known to medical science. Is it, therefore, to be for a moment supposed that the mental experiences connected with it, are less important and less varied? When

women are sufficiently well-trained to write medical books, the truth about this matter will be much better understood than at present. Then we shall know that all that vast range of diagnostics which has baffled the skill and intuition of physicians of all ages, is not the infliction of an arbitrary vengeance, but the indications of nature's beneficence towards the forming soul."

"Well," said Ralph, resignedly, "of course, you are out of my reach now, but if all you say is true, it appears to me that the sooner one half the sex turn doctors, to expound these things to the other half and to the world, the better. Judging by my own limited observation, it is not to be wondered at, that physicians of the male sex are puzzled. I always thought it was an indication of divine goodness toward men that he spared them all these things and made an inferior sort of creature on purpose to bear them for him."

"That has been the usual comfortable supposition of men," said Laura, "and too many women have taken it ready-made from their hands; have been contented to consider themselves the scape-goats of the race in this matter of suffering; to put on long faces and say with Shylock, that 'sufferance is the badge of all our tribe,' and at the most to wonder why God, who is, as they are taught, a being of love and justice, should manifest such partiality to the stronger sex."

"Oh! the curse covers all that, you know," said Ralph, complacently.

"So the curse of Ham was said to cover African slavery, but the cover got too small, one day, and the slaves went free. And so I fancy it will be in the other case. Seriously, Ralph, God is not unjust, and never inflicts extraordinary pains, except as a means of extraordinary good."

"Well, Laura, I can't help thinking that the first duty of the woman is towards the home, and that when she shall have faithfully fulfilled the duty nearest to her, it will be time enough for her to demand active participation in outside affairs."

"But there are two sides to that argument, Ralph. Women generally, will never gain that breadth of intelligence necessary to the wise conduct of the great duties of ordering the home and rearing children till they are trained to a broader outlook upon the world's affairs. The standard of general intelligence among men is far higher to-day than it was fifty years ago. It has consequently been found necessary to increase the intelligence of women, and the good work *must* go on. The barriers of ignorance, of narrow mindedness, of conservatism must continue to give way before the advancing demand of the *children of the world* for greater breadth and strength of mind in their home instructors."

"Well, you've a great work before you, if you expect to oust men from the comfortable position of superiority which they have enjoyed for six thousand years, with all the privileges and perquisites attached. I wish you success, but you'll need something more than good wishes."

It was half banter—half earnest, but Rebecca said to herself, as he left the room—

"The mills of Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,
With patience stands he waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VERDICT OF THE SEWING CIRCLE.

When Mr. Slade left Mrs. Darrell's presence upon the occasion heretofore chronicled, he was full of wrath and indignation. If there is one prerogative of men which is held by the sex in general more high, and sacred, and indefeasible than any other, it is that of making themselves as vile as they please in the matter of licentiousness. Women may gently expostulate with them concerning their materiality in religious things and they will sigh profoundly and repentantly over the error of their ways; they may inveigh against the use of alcoholic liquors and tobacco, and the men will still in their better moods cry 'peccavi, with genuine humility; even the charge of gaming and recklessness of living, they will meet with reticence which is not vindictive; but let a woman dare to point her finger in the direction of the unlawful indulgence of their lust, and every quill on the porcupine's back is erect in an instant.

A man may be punished by law for every other crime but that one, but herein he will brook no interference from church, or state, or home. In this matter he will be absolute, untrammelled, defiant of God and man. If there is any reason at all for this, it is that he has been taught that it is a folly to injure himself, a crime to injure his fellow-man, but a mere matter of caprice whether or not he will be just to this weak creature which nature has provided expressly for his use.

It was exactly in this spirit that Mr. Slade resented the indignity offered him by Mrs. Darrell. His first impulse was the natural one of shame and decency, to conceal the shaft, but almost instantaneously the other feeling conquered it. Long before he reached his lodgings, he had said to himself,

"Mrs. Darrell is—Mrs. Darrell: but she shall nevertheless be taught that she cannot interfere in a man's private affairs in this way with impunity. There are other women in this town just as good as Mrs. Darrell, who will not be

sorry of an occasion to wound her pride. We'll give the matter an airing."

If a woman is to be hounded, the rule is to set the women on. There is a class of them that are well trained to the purposes of their masters, and they have naturally a keener scent for evil, a more vivid imagination, and stronger powers of vituperation than those gentlemen possess.

Below that was a class of men, not themselves immaculate, to whom, of course, self-preservation was the first law; then a class of women who had husbands, or sons, or brothers, who needed protection and who had been well-drilled to cry out that this was a matter in which the modesty of women commanded them to be silent; and still below them a class of women and young girls, the natural "vines," whose one prevailing instinct was to stand by every man through right and wrong, because who could tell which one of the sex might be their future husband.

This latter class was the more numerous in this case, because the gentleman in question was very popular in his own set. A circle of young ladies, among whom Miss Lillie Meredith was very prominent, "adored" him. These unanimously resolved, to use their own elegant phraseology, to "stick up" for Leslie Slade under any and all circumstances.

Of course, with all this publicity, the affair could not be kept out of the sewing circle, where the open review of the young man's life, led to a great deal of remark, some for, some against the subject of it, which cannot properly be repeated here, but which resulted in setting many sensible and judicious people thinking that if ever the homes of society are protected against these invaders of family peace, the good work must be done, nay that it ought properly to be done by women. If they have not the necessary spirit and conscience where in the world shall these requisites be found?

Yet after all when the evening came, and Mr. Leslie Slade appeared in the parlor, he perceived little diminution in the ardor of his welcome. Some few there were who looked a little coldly at him, but the evident zeal with which Miss Meredith and her set strove to allay any suspicion of disloyalty which might arise in the young man's mind, more than soothed his sensitive vanity.

Toward the close of the evening, happening to be self alone with Miss Meredith in a corner of the piazza, he ventured to say to her,

"Is it fancy, do you think, or is Mrs. Evans a little less cordial to your unworthy servant than usual?"

"I'm sure I can't say about that," said Miss Lillie, "I only know that some of the ladies have been abusing you fearfully this afternoon. You may be sure I wasn't one."

"Is that so? I have to thank you I am sure. But would you be so kind as to tell me what were the charges they brought?"

"Oh! I could not do that, but it all grew out of that cruel speech of Mrs. Darrell."

"For which I never cared the snap of my fingers. Mrs. Darrell is—insignificant."

"Perfectly so in such matters. She sets herself up too much above her neighbors for anybody to care about her."

"But then I suppose her position might give her words some weight."

"With certain people—perhaps, but not with those who are your friends. I'm sure I think the whole affair in very bad taste, and so I am sure does every one. Let's say no more about it."

"Certainly not, if you wish it. I can think of twenty pleasant things to talk about," and he went on talking no doubt about those twenty other things, for the two were missed from the parlor and their absence commented upon, before they had left that well-shaded nook among the Madeira vines.

Yet cavalierly as they had disposed of Mrs. Darrell and her opinion, it is nevertheless certain, that from that very time, Mr. Leslie Slade was looked upon with increasingly less favor by the better class of society in Wyndham. For the first six months the change was scarcely apparent; at the end of a year it was quite so. By that time he began to feel that there was but one means of salvation for him; he must marry. Miss Lillian Meredith was not the woman he would have chosen eighteen months before, but when it became evident that his chances for doing better were growing few, he made the most of her devotion to him, and asked her to become his wife. Her delight was unspeakable and she named an early day.

At this very sewing circle Mr. Linscott met the object of his affections, and enjoyed also a half hour's *tele-a-tele* upon the piazza. Mr. Linscott had been fully satisfied when he first became acquainted with Miss Riddlehuber that she was possessed of that gentle, yielding disposition which he considered of the first importance in a wife. He was not yet, and very likely never would be wholly undeceived. It had nevertheless invariably happened that when their tastes or

opinions differed, she had *not* been the one to yield. On this particular occasion, she had mentioned to him the time when it would be necessary for her to leave Wyndham.

"So soon, my angel," was the reply. "Can you not be brought to reconsider that decision?"

"I should be very happy to, but papa's directions are quite explicit."

"And you are so obedient a daughter that you do not think of expostulating. Azarian, I yield at once. Such obedience upon your part delights me. There is something in the spectacle of a gentle, refined, intelligent woman, yielding herself graciously to the dictation of her male protectors, simply because Providence has so ordered, that touches me inexpressibly."

"I have always supposed," said Azarian, meekly, "that it was my duty as a Christian to be obedient, and I hope I have endeavored to perform it."

And then they went on to talk of the wedding day. Mr. Linscott proposed May. He was the more particular about May, because, independently of his natural haste in the matter, it would be inconvenient for him to be absent from his parish later in the season than that.

"How very unfortunate," said Miss Riddlehuber, "I am sure mamma would never consent to my being married in May."

"Why not, my sweetest?"

"Because it is the anniversary month of poor, dear brother John's death."

"Ah!" said Mr. Linscott, regretfully, "let us say April then, I should like that even better."

"Of course," said Azarian, "I should prefer to please you in this matter, but—"

"What is it, Azarian? You must never be afraid to speak to me with the most entire confidence."

"You know brother Paul will be studying medicine during the winter, at Philadelphia. He will not be able to be at home before the first of May, and I could never think of making preparations for the wedding without Paul's assistance. I have always been so accustomed to rely on Paul. You know I am not at all a self-reliant person."

"But June is really a very inconvenient month for me."

"Oh! but you have such capacities for disposing of things. Do you know you always reminded me before—before I at all thought of you as a lover—when I saw your energy and determination—of Napoleon's boast that he controlled circumstances."

Mr. Linscott smiled. That bit of adroit flattery had done its work. It was settled that June was to be the month.

"In June," he still stipulated.

"The very first week, if you like."

Mr. Linscott kissed her and inly congratulated himself upon having secured such a dear, confiding, obedient creature for a wife.

That same evening, as Miss Riddlehuber stood combing out her fine hair before the glass, Mrs. Evans entered the room.

"Azarian, dear," she said, "I noticed that you had a long *tele-a-tete* with Mr. Linscott this evening, and I could not rest till I knew if the wedding day was appointed."

"It is," said Azarian calmly.

"And when is it to be?"

"The fourth of next June."

"I thought he would have been in more haste."

"He was rather, but I vetoed a short engagement as improper. I didn't intend to forego the pleasure of another winter in town. To come to the country to reside in summer is bad enough. I never could endure a winter to commence with."

"But why not April or May? I really am impatient to see the thing consummated, it is of so much importance to you you know to be well settled in life."

"Yes, but I'm in no particular hurry, as the case stands now. I think I can afford to wait. As for April or May, spring things can never be really elegant you know, and they only last a few weeks. At the first of June I can have the benefit of the summer styles, and then my dresses will be fresh till October. As every one will know that I'm about to be married, I shall get very little for spring, so that all the expense can be for the *trousseau*. Besides I have a fancy for June, and I shall go to Saratoga on my wedding tour."

"Such a cool head as you have, Azarian, and how you do manage that man?"

"That last ought to be no wonder to you Elize."

"Mark would be very impracticable I know, if it were not for my influence over him, but then I'm not half so cool as you. However, I congratulate you with all sincerity. I suppose men need managing, else God would not have adapted women so exactly to the purpose."

Miss Riddlehuber acquiesced with perfect simplicity, but a disinterested observer might possibly query whether after all, it was the Divine intention that a woman should use the very considerable power which is undoubtedly entrusted to her, wholly for her own selfish purposes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILTON GAINES, JUNIOR.

Village scandal had few terrors for Mrs. Darrell, and even the fact that Mr. Slade and his party had voted her "insig-

nificant," did not in the least disturb her peace of mind. She was far more deeply interested in the success of Joanna's experiment with Milton Gaines, Junior. The doctor, with his usual regard for the forms, had already announced his intention of obtaining legal sanction for this change in the name of the youth, and Miss Joanna's taste and industry had so modified his personal appearance that a stranger would scarcely have imagined that he was not "to the manner born." There was very little said about it, but the truth was that the hearts of these two lonely people were greatly cheered by the presence of this little child. When people are young, they may fancy children are a nuisance, and purchase some years of selfish comfort and freedom from annoyance by dispensing with their presence. But as they advance in years they invariably feel how wise is nature's way of completing her circle by linking the hand of the aged in the tender clasp of the little child. The doctor had given his life to these women who so much needed it, and he had never deeply repented the sacrifice. But it was a consolation to him, now that the silver threads outnumbered the dark ones in his locks, to lead the child by the hand, to hold him upon his knee, to impart to him some of the many lessons which his long experience of life had taught him. He liked to think, too, that the boy bore his name; that by and by when he should be laid in the church yard, and his life should be only a quickly fading memory, this boy should keep his name still fresh in the hearts of men, and should, mayhap, by his virtues and his usefulness add to it, if not increase of honors, yet in some measure, length of days.

It was curious to hear the grave aphorisms which the old man poured into the ears of the boy, and to watch the look of intelligence upon the child's face, which seemed to say that the heart also was impressed. Some childish loss had brought the tears to Milton's eyes.

"My boy," said the doctor, gravely, yet not unkindly, "fools and heroes never weep. The—boy—who never weeps—is—a—hero; the—man—who never weeps—is—a fool—or a knave."

So Milton dried his tears, and his heart grew big with the thought of being a hero.

As for Miss Joanna, she took on the mother care as she had never done for little Kitty. A woman's heart goes out with so much deeper yearning and tenderness to her sons than to her daughters. Their future seems so much wider; the scope of their lives so much grander, and alas! the perils and dangers which beset them so much more fatal. So Joanna, like any true mother, mingled, with the mending of trowsers, tender foreboding prayers. She emptied the heterogeneous contents of play-boxes, with strange yearnings for indices of future character. She trained the youth in manners and morals with a trembling, at times, almost a hopeless forecast. So day by day her best and most intimate life grew into his life, till, if he coughed, she trembled, and if over tired from play he fell into a flushed and restless sleep, she called the doctor to know if the child hadn't a fever? because if he *should* die, you know.

And people sighed about poor Joanna Gaines, that she was wearing her life out for that child, and wondered the doctor didn't interfere; as if every true mother living hadn't worn out her own life in just exactly that way, to make fresh and strong and beautiful the lives of her children. Worn it out, did I say? God doesn't suffer such lives to wear out. He renews them day by day. Statistics will show you, that of all His human creatures, He gives to mothers the longest lives.

But Joanna had other trials. She was naturally a deeply religious person, and her whole soul was bent upon giving this boy a thorough doctrinal training. When she had commenced this course with Kitty, beginning duly and conscientiously, when the child reached her third year, with the old primer,

"In Adam's fall,

We sinned all,"

the doctor had not found a word of fault. To be sure, when the little thing had reached the rhyme of Zaccchus, he had, with great gravity, instructed her to repeat certain burlesque additions to the established version, greatly to Joanna's horror, but beyond that he had not interfered. But now, to Joanna's surprise, he said to her one day,

"Joanna, girls will take almost any kind of religious instruction and get good out of it, because their natures are religious. It isn't so with boys. If you are not very careful, they will take dislikes and prejudices, and so get more harm than good. If I was you, I wouldn't teach Milton the Westminster catechism quite yet, not—quite—yet. Tell him about Christ and the good women and the good men who loved about him and loved him. Feed him with milk first; boys don't take to strong meat in religious things so quick as girls do."

Now Joanna, with all her faith in her brother, knew that he wasn't a professed Christian; that he had stronger dislikes among the clergy than among any other class, though there were here and there ministers whom he thoroughly esteemed; that generally he was broader and more latitudinarian in his views than she would have desired. Therefore there was a conflict in her mind whether or not it was quite safe in this matter to follow his advice. After much

study and prayer, she finally compromised the matter. She did not teach him the Westminster catechism, seeing that at five years old he could hardly be expected fully to understand all its profound meanings. She did teach him about Christ, took great pains to impress his youthful imagination with the stories of the shepherds, and the wise men, and the baby lying in a manger; and then she gave him besides, a simple, clear outline of Christ's mission and agency in the plan of salvation, to which the doctor did not object.

"I know how strictly Milton was brought up," said Joanna, "and it did not make a Christian of him, at least, not outwardly; though I trust God, who sees the heart, does not always follow our blind judgment. Let us be so tender with this young soul, that Christianity, at least, shall not wear a forbidding aspect to him."

It comforted Joanna a good deal to know that Mr. Evans, her own minister, and a man full of Christian love and zeal, quite approved her plan, but Mr. Linscott who, being a good deal in Wyndham this summer, took great interest in Miss Joanna's plans, heartily denurred.

One warm August afternoon Mr. Linscott had been drinking tea with Miss Joanna, and this very subject of Milton's religious training had been under discussion. After tea they all went into the neat, old-fashioned parlor, with its furniture of mahogany and hair-cloth, studded with brass nails, and its portraits in oil looking down from the walls. It was rather a solemn room to Milton, Jr., and when he was called into it to see Mr. Linscott and be talked to about religion, the mercury in his thermometer sank quite into his boot heels. But the doctor noticing the fall of his countenance took his hand gravely and said to him:

"Milton, my boy, never be afraid of anybody. Know yourself, that is all."

So encouraged and led in by the doctor, Milton took heart of grace, and stood before Mr. Linscott with an open brow and a confident eye.

(To be continued.)

JOHN PIERPONT AND THE WILLIAMS WINE FRAUDS.—The Boston correspondent of the *Norwich Bulletin* says: "A curious story is going the rounds in regard to this case, and the connection with it of the Rev. John Pierpont, late a clerk in the Treasury Department. I am able to vouch for the authenticity of the story. On the day before his death Mr. Pierpont related what he said was a fact not generally known, that it was through him that attention was first called to the fraud committed by the Messrs. Williams. Certain papers came under his eye which revealed to him that all was not right with the accounts of his old wine-selling persecutors, who drove him out of the pulpit of Hollis street Church, in Boston. He felt sure that champagne was not bought by them at the price set down in their invoices returned to the Department.

"He called attention to the matter, and was directed to make investigations, which he did, with the result of uncovering extensive frauds. Thus the very firm which drove Mr. Pierpont from Boston, and so finally occasioned his being in the Treasury Department, drew down upon itself, by that act, the terrible penalty which overtook it in the exposure secured through Mr. Pierpont. This was Mr. Pierpont's story, related by him to illustrate the ways of Providence, and with no personal feelings towards a firm which had irreparably injured him in return for his denunciation of its selfish trade in intoxicating drinks. The venerable clergyman and poet was of an eminently forgiving temper, and utterly incapable of rejoicing over the calamity of an enemy."

A MINISTER OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Rev. Stephen Farrar was settled in New Iswich, N. H., in 1760, receiving "forty pounds sterling for a yearly salary, so long as he continues a gospel minister amongst us—to add to his salary five pounds sterling when there is eighty families—and five more when there is one hundred families settled in this place; also to give them thirty cord of good wood, cord wood length, annually." In accepting his call he acknowledged the sufficient provision made for his maintenance. In 1803, however, they voted him £100 (\$333.33) and 30 cords of wood, then held at 8s. 6d. per cord. In 1804 he had 285 and 45 cords of wood. When he died, in 1809, the town voted unanimously to pay the funeral expenses, and for a "suit of decent mourning" for the widow, and to give her the mourning used for the pulpit.—*Investigator*.

The truest and most lasting belief, is that which we entertain in our calm, contented, and reasonable moments; not that which we, like drowning persons catching at straws, seize upon in time of sorrow and despondence. The first is founded upon evidence and cannot be destroyed, while the last is built on desire alone, and may be easily toppled over by the arch-skeptic doubt, at the return of happiness and cool reflection. E. S. L.

THE ancient Egyptians were familiar with the use of iron as is shown by nails in the inner door of Theban tombs, which could not have been opened for at least 2,000 years. The Assyrians, too, manufactured saws and knives of iron, specimens of which, now in the British Museum, were found by Mr. Layard in Nineveh. The Hindoos, the natives of Madagascar, and those of Central Africa, all manufactured iron.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS

"There is no other authority than that of thought; existence itself is known only by thought, and, for myself, I am, only because I think. All truth exists for me only upon this ground, that it becomes evident to me in the free exercise of my thought."

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Sovereignty of the People.

BY S. J. FINNEY.

The idea of the sovereignty of the people is central to the American Republic, as it is the expressed object of the Constitution itself. The Preamble to the United States Constitution declares, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, and secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution." The one idea here is POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY; not the sovereignty of any one class, but of the *whole People*, without distinction of race or sex. This is the idea—the principle which the founders of the Constitution set themselves down upon when they began to build. Nor must it be forgotten that but a short time had elapsed since the close of the revolutionary war—a war which began by declaring that "taxation without representation is tyranny." And when this Constitution was solemnly adopted by the States, this idea of popular sovereignty was accepted as the foundation thereof. Now begins the great work of making this idea practical and logical in all the institutions of the nation. We all know the rest. Grim anomalies in the legislation of the nation and of every State, have been passed, and called laws. Man hunting, woman whipping, and baby stealing, have been carried on in open day, under the very eye of the Constitution, and indeed in the name of the Constitution. This illogical procedure rose so high at last, as to threaten the Constitution and the permanency of the Republic. The rebellion opened its black batteries upon the very sovereignty of the people, as expressed under the forms of law and of the Constitution. The rebellion failed. Such limited sovereignty as some of the people—far less than one-half—were allowed to hold and exercise, was retained; man hunting, woman whipping, and baby stealing was brought nearly to a close. And yet the idea of the Constitution is very far from being a fact. One half the people, plus one whole race of human beings, loyal to a man, woman and child, are still denied the only authority, symbol, and security for that sovereignty, viz.: the ballot.

Will it be said that the framers of the Constitution contemplated only a partial and accommodated sovereignty, and not at all the sovereignty of the whole people? I answer, England does this. Could our fathers do no better than a kingdom which they had just soundly thrashed for claiming the "right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever;" and thrashing it, too, with "taxation without representation is tyranny"—roaring from the mouths of all its canons? We have no doubt that the framers of the Constitution were inspired when they wrote that Preamble, and so may have builded wiser than they knew; but certain it is that the task consigned to the American people by the Constitution and by the genius of our civilization, is the actualization of popular sovereignty.

And beside, in five States, negroes voted for members of the Constitutional Convention, and so come under its sacred "We, the people." It is also stated that in one State—New Jersey—women voted likewise. The first fact is sustained by the decision of the Supreme Courts of Virginia and North Carolina, and by the history of three other States; so that, by the very terms of the Constitution, negroes certainly, and probably women, are represented as part of the sovereign people. Hence, to deny this sovereignty to women and negroes, is a literal violation of the very terms, as well as a greater violation of the spirit and genius of that great instrument.

And if the denial of political sovereignty to women and negroes were not a direct and express denial of the very letter of the Constitution, it is the direct subversion of the very principle itself of the sovereignty of the people. On what ground can political sovereignty be allowed to men, and refused to women? Are not women people? Will it be said that the male gender alone are to be endowed with political power? If so, what reasons can be given for the assumption? Is the proverbial coarseness of men the qualification for ballot? Or will it be put on their greater physical strength and force? Oxen and asses are stronger than men; why should not an elephant vote, then? Will it be said, women are too refined to vote? I answer, they are not considered too refined to work in the field, as slaves; to drudge in the kitchen, as cooks; to do all the dirty work for a whole household of coarse men and boys. Is it more delicate work to scrub, than to drop a tiny piece of paper, carrying the "principle of human rights into legislation," into a ballot-box? Or, will it be said, their sex should exclude them from the ballot? What has sex to do with taxation, with crime, with pauperism, with knowledge, with morality, with religion? Truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, knowledge and ignorance, and all the other common principles and endowments of human life know no sex. Science knows no sex; religion knows no sex; art

knows no sex; life itself knows no sexual superiority, unless, as some of the finest thinkers of the age affirm—woman be man's superior. And why should political sovereignty know any distinctions of sex? If there be any distinctions of power to be grounded on sex, woman must be allowed the most power, as her sex is the finest, the most delicate, and the most perfect, physiologically. Or, will it be said, her delicacy of constitution renders her unfit to mingle in the coarse throngs around the polls? Who constitute this rabble but men—women's fathers, husbands, brothers and friends, with whom she is in daily, almost hourly contact? 'Tis not the ballot box that is coarse, or the polls *per se*; all the coarseness comes from men, and men alone, with whom women are compelled, or choose to live in the closest intimacy. The objection would divorce all the husbands on earth; it is insincere, false and hypocritical, or idiotic in those who make it.

It may be objected that women and negroes are not qualified for the ballot. We answer, the use of the ballot alone can qualify them. It was said of the slave, "Two hundred years of servitude has disqualified him for freedom." The exercise of liberty is the only school for liberty. So the exercise of the franchise is the only legitimate training for the ballot. Suppose I bring my son to a blacksmith to be taught the trade, is there so big a fool of a blacksmith on earth as would tell me, "Sir, your son is not qualified to become a blacksmith, because he has had no experience in blacksmithing? He cannot wield the hammer wisely, or well, because he has never done it, and his arm is not strong enough?" This is the objection of the old granny, who told her son "never to go into the water until he had first learned to swim."

But we will not here spend more space or time to answer the oft repeated, always groundless, and too often insincere and silly objections to the extension of the elective franchise to negroes and women; but we put the whole question on the principle of the Sovereignty of the whole People. In the United States *the People are the rightful and Constitutional Sovereigns*. Women and negroes are more than half the people, and, therefore, have more right, on the principle that the majority shall rule, to disfranchise free "white male citizens," than the latter have to disfranchise the former.

Listen, ye old American hunkers—"white male citizens"—the most contemptible phrase that ever crept into statute books; a disgrace to the American people; a libel on popular sovereignty; a contradiction to both the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and if allowed to go on half a century more, will upset the entire Republic. "White male citizens!" Shame on the people of any State that will allow that phrase to stand a single year longer on its statute books. Think of it, ye real and professed reformers! "WHITE MALE CITIZENS!" Wonder if Deity has written on the walls of heaven, "White male citizens." Hope his Satanic majesty has written over the black arch of Tophet, "None but 'White male citizens' admitted here."

If women should be taxed, imprisoned, and made to bear the other burdens of society and its government, they should be allowed the franchise. If women and negroes know enough to be hung, they know enough to vote, and to make laws.

Responsibility should run parallel with rights and liberties only. It is contrary to every principle of popular sovereignty, to impose taxes without representation. If "taxation without representation be tyranny," then negroes and women are ground to the very dust under the tyrannical laws of these American States. It was the violation of this principle, in the shape of a little tax on tea, that induced the Colonies to resist the British Government. And yet this American people coolly, indifferently, and willfully commit the same outrage on *nineteen millions of loyal American people*. The moral and intellectual indifference of the people to this fact is startlingly painful. Especially the flippant, tinselled-sickly-sentimental-white-livered indifference of "ladies," whose attitude on this question is a disgrace to themselves and to their sex. Let those not call themselves by the sacred name of "woman" who "have all the rights they want."

The safety of the nation requires the extension of the elective franchise to women and negroes. Women and the blacks do not more need the franchise to secure their own interests, than the interests of "Free White Male Citizens" require it. If the elections are corrupt, it is because woman is not there. Our homes are not corrupt, because woman is there. If bad, and heartless, and inhuman laws are passed, it is because *just one-half of our entire humanity—and that the most moral, most refined, and most spiritual—is debarred any hand in their passage*. If class legislation is vitiating the whole legislation of the country, it is because women's keen and intuitive sense of justice, and affection for labor and the laborer, is prevented from arresting the savage and divorced male greed which runs rich with the people's hard earned treasure. And if our cities and towns are filled with "abandoned women," it is because man, with the influence of the ballot box, has secured to himself all the first class places of profit, of emolument, of distinction and of honor; while with the thus over-fed passions and grosser appetites, he reduces his sisters to want, to

shame, and to the most savage of all deaths—the death of woman's virtue and honor.

Oh, women! hear this voice—and heed it well—coming from those who know: Men are keeping you from the ballot in order to still hold you down under that servile dependence by which they can the more easily reduce you to become the prey of their passions. Look at your Capital! Sensualism runs riot with virtue there. Shameless vice confronts the statutes of popular sovereignty, and shuts women from all its places of elevated trust and power, the more readily to make you victims of its bestiality and its crime! A half-hearted-half-souled society lures you with false glitter, clothes you with tinselled trumpery, gets on its knees at your feet, appeals to your vanity—an appeal which few can withstand—and then, having shut you out from all avenues of redress, casts you off into the lower dens of vice, walks forth again to feed itself on fresh victims.

There is but one method of salvation from all these wicked fruits of a one-sided male civilization, and that is, the extension of the franchise to women. Not one woman in a hundred chooses infamy instead of virtue; but want, want, with its eternal threats drives them into it. The remedy is obvious—to be independent of the purses of men. And this is impossible until the factory girl, the seamstress, and the washer-woman can vote beside her employer. When great corporations, employing thousands of women in work, know that each girl's hand that can guide a loom, can also cast a ballot, woman's labor will command equal pay for equal work with that of man, and not till then. When woman can command as good wages for as good work as men, then she may become as independent in the shaping of her destiny as men are. And then she will not choose promiscuous infamy in place of holy wedlock. Her financial independence alone will banish prostitution, or nearly so, from all our cities. Women can never rise till they become independent; they can never become independent till they can command equal wages with men for the same work; they never can obtain equal wages until they can hold the ballot over the gateways and avenues to wealth, place, and positions of responsibility, of honor and of eminence. In all nations, through all ages, every class which has been deprived of political power and sovereignty, has been proportionately depressed and down-trodden.

All history proves that each person's sovereignty is safest in his own hands. We cannot trust irresponsible power to any class of human beings over another class. The temptations to the perversions of irresponsible power reside in our very selfishness, and in all around us. Nor can a more being delegate such power over himself to his fellow. And the ballot is the sign of the people's sovereignty and security for the people's republic, and the only protection for republican citizenship.

And to insure a pure and complete republic, free from faction, from great inequalities of power and of privilege, opening all possible attainments to the whole mass of the people, without distinctions of race or sex, is the great task consigned by the Divine Providence of History to the American nation. All other means but that of pure and complete popular sovereignty have been tried and have failed. Why not try, thoroughly, a complete People's Sovereignty for once? If the ballot is good for one class it is good for all classes; if it be good for one sex it is good for both sexes; if it be good for white men, why is it not good for black men? And, beside, all ideas have their logic; and when a nation is true to the ideas, to those eternal principles on which its institutions all rest, it has peace, security, and prosperity. When a nation is false to its principles, assuming those principles to be true, then come wars, revolutions and rebellions, and all the terrible unrest which injustice engenders. It was the anomalies of slavery in one section, and the denial of political sovereignty to one half of the whole people in all the States, plus one whole race, which plunged us into this terrible rebellion. The best blood of America, and tens of thousands of widows and orphans, and great taxation, and ruined cities and towns, is part price for our denial of the sovereignty of the half of our people.

All history shows that just in proportion as any nation opens avenues to wealth, to knowledge and to power, to all classes of its citizens, it becomes prosperous, active, progressive and triumphant. It is not the function of governments to suppress the natural passions and energies, and to deny to them a career, but on the contrary to open pathways through which all the life of the people can expand in every direction, and enter into every legitimate pursuit. It should open all possible avenues to human activity; it should stimulate all lofty ambitions for wealth, fame, eminence and knowledge; it should be able to put out its protecting hand and lead up the poorest son and daughter of the Republic to places of usefulness, of trust, or of honor; it should open a career to all classes of its citizens—or at least it should close no door against a career to any, even the humblest.

In a Republic, like ours, the ballot is the golden key which opens all doors to all pursuits. It is the only key to all American possibilities. The ballot alone will enable all our social forces to advance together, and this equality and harmony, and freedom to advance together is the one security for the triumph of the great Republican experiment.

ism. Worse still, beggars, who are so poor in spirit as to prize charity more than the products of personal effort.

The whole theory of magnetic healing is superficial, and can only pertain to a transition period. It is a very conservative way of piecemeal reform.

Prevention enters not into its theory. It does not contain within itself this germinal thought of the coming age, which is universal democracy.

To be a real democrat, a person must be self-supporting, self-educating and self-healing. More than this, his health must be self-generating, so as to require no allopathic, homeopathic, or magnetic prescriptions.

The spirit of dependence, not in this renewing of vitality alone, but in all of life's relations, is an absurd feeling for any person to possess, claiming the rank of reformer.

Where self-performance is possible, mutual dependence must result in mutual disaster.

Never can ours become a true republic, until the people are models of self-reliance.

Let us throw aside all this delusion of curing disease, or anything else. It is not nature's method. She prevents, reproduces; does not use external remedies.

Constant mental application makes us physical imbeciles. Physical drudgery, mental children. Constant moral thought, moral weariness. Exclusive spirituality, spiritual weakness or religious fanaticism.

Education of all the faculties, practical work in all directions, will prevent weak places, and rid society of all kinds of doctors.

Physicians are not alone to be blamed for supplying a morbid demand. The whole people are at fault for continuing in a state of weakness, which requires to be patched with second-hand magnetism.

For The Spiritual Republic.

The Old Oak Tree.

BY FRANK A. MARSH.

Oh, sometimes back, along life's track,
The happy days of brown October
Come gliding past, like glories cast
Upon the world so dark and sober.

Dreaming I sit where bright birds flit
In joyful play along the morning,
Each one to grace its happy place
Between the earth and heaven's blue awning.

Three pearly lakes all fringed with brakes
Lie softly by a distant mountain,
And golden rays through dashing sprays
Shine stilly on a silver fountain.

And here I see the old oak tree
Which waves its branches thickly tangled,
As when a child, each leaflet smiled
Above the water where I angled.

Oh, tree of pride! off by thy side
Youth chased away the laughing hours;
But sullen death with blighting breath
Is wasting all thy beauteous powers.

Milan, Ohio.

An Ordination.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers from the *Radical*, the latest and the best form of ordination. It is the triumph of democracy in religion:

On the 3d of January, Mr. James Vila Blake was ordained Minister of the First Parish in Haverhill, Mass. We give below a portion of the service.

ORDINATION BY THE PEOPLE.

Judge Isaac Ames, in behalf of a Committee of five from the Society, spoke as follows:

FRIENDS: We, who now appear before you on this occasion, present ourselves as the representatives of the people, both parish and society, who constitute this church, for the purpose of officially investing Mr. James Vila Blake with the duties of their minister.

Members of the Parish and Society: As your representatives, we are here to constitute and ordain Mr. James Vila Blake as our minister.

Both as parish and society we have heretofore, by formal votes, invited him to take upon himself this office. We understand that he comes among us to occupy a free pulpit, pledged to the propagation of no particular creed, nor to obedience to any outward authority in matters of government or faith; but that he does come pledged to the development of practical Christianity—love to man and love to God, using for that end all the power and faculty with which God has endowed him, and by means of as much truth as can be acquired in freedom and applied in fidelity. We further say, by virtue of the authority you have vested in us, that our election imposes on him whom we have chosen, no condition but that of speaking the truth, as he sees it, without fear or favor.

If such be not the fact, we call upon you to speak out now, and to make known the truth to us, your representatives, and to the people here assembled.

And now, sir, in your presence and hearing, and in the presence and hearing of these witnesses, the people of this

parish and society, have in this public manner ratified and confirmed their former action, and have declared to you the purpose for, and the condition upon which, they have invited you to become their minister, and as we have called upon the parish and society, if we have not truly represented them in the premises to speak out now, so in like manner, we call upon you, in their name, if, after this declaration by them, you know of any reason why, upon the conditions named, you cannot faithfully perform the duties of the office you have been called by this people to discharge, here and now to make known the same.

Recognizing, then, your ratification of your previous vote, as we have already that of the parish and society, we give you our right hands in their behalf.

And now, sir, in the name of the people of the parish and society, whose representatives we are, we pronounce you duly constituted and ordained our minister, and invested with all the rights, duties and privileges thereunto appertaining, whether by the laws of man or of God.

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

By S. H. Morse, former minister to the society.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You know that I expressed to you some doubt of the propriety of my part on this occasion. I have been able to clear that matter up, to my own satisfaction, at least. But not without discovering that the welcome, the fellowship I shall give you, takes more the form of a welcome from the secular world than from the fraternity of churches. I seem to find myself outside the church and its professions; and begin to feel that I belong more in the ranks of my fellow-men.

But we of the world have a profound interest in you, because we believe that in a larger and better sense than is common, you will represent the world in your place, and do much therein that is serviceable to man.

I therefore bring you greetings from the world! I tender you its fellowship; the fellowship of your townsmen, I offer you; the fellowship of the aged, the middle aged, and the young; the poor, the rich, the unlearned and the learned, the mechanic, the tradesman, men of all professions; the fellowship of sinners and of saints, if you shall find them; these all must welcome you, though they know it not; what you bring cannot fall in its mission; your influence will go where you do not, where you cannot go; your voice will be heard when you know not you are speaking; you will speak when you are silent; you will be present when absent;—how can a man be hid?

It is a worthy labor we welcome you to. Aside from the daily avocations of men, which have their justification in the needs of the body, and those departments of learning which store the mind with facts of history, geography, natural science, and have their justification in so doing, men of the world are also demanding facts of character; they want to see that beauty and order of the moral life, which bestows blessing at all times, and binds the race in fraternity and peace. It is for you to stand among your fellows in that relation.

As prophet of better things, as poet of the soul, taking our every-day life, disclosing its nobler side, parting clouds for sunlight, making the reality appear more glorious than fable, you have indeed the high mission all men covet.

Goethe's definition of true poetry seems well to describe the character of the service every true teacher must render. "True poetry," he says, "announces itself in this, that it knows how to relieve us of the earthly burdens which oppress us, by inner cheerfulness and outer comfort. Like a balloon, poetry lifts us, with the ballast attached, into higher regions, and shows the confused labyrinthian walks of earth in their proper order." This is indeed the work men will hail in you. They would not have you sever them from the earth, but, by showing them law, love, glory here, lift them to the heights of intelligent, joyous, daily worship.

In the name of this humanity, then, I salute you, and bid you most hearty welcome!

It gives me especial pleasure to welcome you to this desk. Not long ago, I sped away and left it, with more struggle than than many knew; for it was like going away from home. My affection lingers here, even though the place is now yours. Here stand loyal to yourself. It has been said to-night, with what emphasis you well know, that this desk is free. But I conjure you to believe that that is a mistake. It is in chains, in bondage; in bondage to truth, principle, and love. You are its keeper. And so I welcome you. Here is my right hand. With it goes my whole heart. God speed you! God bless you!

The New Orleans *Times* announces a large manufacturing scheme in the South-west. The "Chatawa Water Power and Manufacturing Company," organized under a charter from the State of Mississippi, has secured nearly all the water power on the Tangipahoe river, sufficient to turn innumerable spindles. This little stream empties into Lake Ponchartrain, about thirty miles north-west of New Orleans. The first enterprise proposed is a paper mill, which will be the pioneer in that part of the Union.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

mind, are, after all, only indications of a disordered body, and could be removed entirely by the timely application of simple and wholesome remedies. Galen, the old Pagan physician, perceiving how closely connected was the sour disposition and the acid stomach, the feverish blood and the fiery temper, used to tell the philosophers to send their worst subjects to him. And the famous Dr. Johnson, knowing from his own experience how intimate the relation was between dyspepsia and desperation, declared that all men were rascals when they were sick.

We are all familiar with the ancient notion, which originated in the far East and was adopted later in the creeds of the Christian church, that matter was the seat of evil. From this idea it followed that the flesh was foul, its passions unholy, its appetites unclean; that the body was a dungeon where the soul was confined damp and dark among crawling reptiles and invading vermin. Dreamy fanatics, out of a notion of doing God honor, have treated with contempt and mortification the frame which it pleased Him to give their souls for a habitation; and none of those who have violated this holy temple by their sensuality, have done it more grievous and fatal wrong than these. The flesh has been sacredly scourged, starved, tormented, put to continual shame. Christian devotees in the former days and in our own times have undertaken to set the physical laws at defiance, copying in the same spirit, though in milder form, the miserable Yoghees of India, who encircled themselves with fires at noon-day; gazed themselves blind on the sun; rolled through the country doubled up like hedge-hogs; buried themselves alive with only holes to breathe through; clenched their hands together till the nails grew through them, or sat in one posture, holding their arms above their heads till they remained so for life and birds built nests on their shoulders. When religious people think so meanly of the body, is it strange that irreligious people think no better? When religious people abuse their bodies by austerities, is it strange that irreligious people abuse their bodies by vices? The one sin is about as mischievous as the other. The pious ascetic unfits his body for its earthly place and service, almost as effectually as the voluptuary. And if the voluptuary, by his pleasures, ruins his soul, weakens its powers, obliterates its hopes, drags down its aspirations, darkens and confuses its vision, the ascetic does nearly the same thing; for the religion he awakens and cherishes is dark, atrabillious, dyspeptic, made up of morbid fancies and dismal fears—a nightmare upon his own soul and an affront upon his God.

The soul lives in the flesh, lives all over it, animating it in every part. It looks through its eyes; draws through its ears an infinite variety of sounds; uses all its members for its high purposes; moves with its muscles; thinks with its ganglia; feels with its nerves; breathes through its skin; takes in sustenance from the action of its membranes, arteries, and ducts—makes the whole of it, in fact every tithe and particle, every globule and atom, a temple of worship, a study, laboratory, work-shop, pleasure house, palace, observatory, traveling-carriage and home.

Spiritually regarded, the condition of the body is of the first importance, and a more solemn charge can scarcely be delivered to the people than that of attending to it. The well-being of the body is essential to the highest well being. Without health there is no enjoyment. Nature does not smile upon the consumptive and dyspeptic. The landscape is not lovely to bleared and blood-shot eyes.

The singing of birds, the rushing of wind among the trees, the dash and ripple of water, has no charm for one whose animal spirits are clogged and heavy. A frame that is overstrained by excess of any kind, weakened in one part, morbidly excited in another, finds no pleasure in those natural recreations which are ordained to bring it delight. What enjoyment does society give to him who has a headache, or a pain in his side? Laughter is an infliction; conversation is torment; the social game is weariness. Nervous exhaustion reduces the fascinations of friendship to lowest point, and makes one unhappy amid the smiles of his children and the merriment of his friends. "The more I live," said Sydney Smith, "the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than the ca, and that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, a dilated pylorus. My friend supps late; he eats some soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes the sculent varieties with wine. The next day I call on him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to the country. He is alarmed for his eldest son's health; his expenses are hourly increasing, and he has not a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All his pleasures are over-excited nature has had to undergo this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter's finances are in good order, and every rural pleasure excluded from the mind. In the same friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and the same has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings produce corresponding sensations in the mind, a scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a disagreeable and misguided food. Of such infinite variety is the way to happiness is it to study the body." A man sits down to his books, and finds that his favorite give him no pleasure; his mind wanders, he has no power to fix his attention; he can not think; he can not remember; he does not take the sense of what passes under his eye. He becomes alarmed, fears that he is losing his love of knowledge, that his mind may be failing him. But the trouble is in the body. He has eaten too much; smoked too much; slept too much or too little; taken excessive or insufficient exercise; breathed an atmosphere that was too close or hot; he is too tightly laced, or his clothes do not fit. Remedy any of these defects, and the books become once more interesting, the love of knowledge inspires the mind as before. There are states of body which kill aspiration, and make it impossible to contemplate. Even so small a matter as the inaction of the skin hangs a thick veil before God's most heavenly attributes, and effectually hinders the glad outgoings of aspiration.

Nature's ends with us are served by our usefulness. But there is no usefulness without health. How many inestimable days, each with its twenty-four golden hours, are lost yearly by some little ailment or disorder in the blood. How many rarest opportunities are for ever unimproved because we have not at the moment physical spring enough to seize them! How many powers lie unemployed in us because we have wasted on something else the vital force that should wield them! How many duties are never done through some trifling debility in our nervous system, which is the agent of the will. The amount of work, the intensity of work, the character and the quality of work, are all determined by the state of the organization. The clerk throws a house into confusion by a slip of his pen; the cashier by a miscout endangers the reputation of his bank; the salesman fails to dispose of the required amount of goods, and in consequence loses his situation; the lawyer mislays a paper, fumbles among his briefs, is confused in his argument, and sees his best case going against him; the clergyman sits down to his sermon Saturday morning, finds himself unable to write it, and hears next week some hints that his parishioners are complaining of a falling off in the energy and spirituality of his discourses. How is all this? Why is the measure of labor short, and the performance of it slack and careless? Look into the history of the night before, of the day before, of the preceding days, weeks, or months, and the secret of all this incapacity, heedlessness, uselessness, will be found in some irregularity of life.

Our work, whatever its character may be, even if it be mechanical and muscular, the work upon which depends success and fame, is strangely affected by the physical states. The healthy man, sweet and clean, writes healthy books, paints wholesome pictures, conceives refreshing poems; but the fetid exhalations from an abused body taint all the finest productions of the mind. Contrast Wordsworth and Byron. Wordsworth, orderly in his life, regular in his habits, simple in his tastes, moderate in all his desires and gratifications, a devoted lover of Nature, whose scenery of mountain and lake was his inspiration, whose fields were his study, whose woods were his daily resort—Wordsworth, whose frame was receptive of all Nature's loveliest influences, and whose clear brain, unclouded by fumes of tobacco or steam of punch, comprehended the grand lessons that she taught him in her solemn way, wrote poems pure as brooklets and healthy as the country air—the instruction and the delight of all innocent and good people—he need not regret a line of his maturest

works. Byron, irregular in his life, unnatural in his habits—the creature and the victim of a depraved social state—intemperate, licentious, and in every respect an epicurean; surrounded by artificial luxuries and excitements, owing the occasional and transient periods of nervous tranquillity to his doses of Epsom salts, wrote poems which are the delight of the prodigal and the passionate, poems which are found in the haunts of low pleasure, and are devoured by the young in their season of impulse, but which the pure and innocent, for the most part, regard with anxiety and terror. Over them is the odor of tobacco, the flavor of strong coffee, and still worse, the reeking scent of the gin under whose inspiration they were written.

The work will savor of the workman, and the finer the work is the more is this truth perceived. Charity and devotion feel the poisonous taint as quickly as thought and imagination; and he who desires for himself a clean heart, affections warm and true, a moral sense bright and unswerving, an insight into spiritual things that is deep and clear, and a calm, steady communion with truth, must look to it that his temple is purged of the vile spirits which make of the house of prayer a den of thieves.

If what we have said be true, and true it is according to the wisest books and the wisest experience, do we use too strong terms when we speak of the sacredness of the body? Is it not sacred? Are not its wonderful and beautiful laws the laws which God has made and decreed, must be observed? We bend in admiration before the majestic forces which hold the universe together, which keep the sun in its place and guide the myriads of suns that circle around it, which heave up the adamantine pillars of the world, which are the strength of the mountains and the rules of the sea; but do we not know that there is not a single one of all these forces, call it by what name we will in our vocabulary of science, that is not active every instant in the preservation of our mortal frames, strengthening the bones, stretching the living cords of nerve and muscle, mixing the chemical fluids and atmospheres, and passing up and down in perpetual movement the golden buckets of life?

We spare the common flower in our path, seeing in its tender leaves a marvel of the Creator's handiwork; and will we not spare those fine essences in our bodies which are the elixir, the last rich extract of all the choicest things that have been assimilated with our vital powers? We will not wound a tree, lest the course of its invigorating sap should be checked or diverted, and blight should touch its foliage; and will we choke the nobler channels through which the river of life pours and rushes, or will we stain the pure waters of that sacred river with our garbage and sewerage? Life is so sacred in our eyes as the awfully mysterious gift of God, that we will not without compunction coolly kill an animal; and will we deliberately, by a slow but fatal process, destroy our own by vicious indulgences, and so record ourselves as suicides? And the soul! That effluence from God himself. With what pain and horror we think of its destruction, and repel the thought of its being shut out from immortal bliss! Will we, then, be the authors of our own soul's condemnation by allowing the decay of an unwholesome body to eat into its substance?

The mind of man, being intrusted to the keeping of the physical laws, is subservient in some great measure to them. But these physical laws are simple, and with what exceeding plainness they are written out! There is no child who does not learn them from compulsion. It is willful negligence alone that violates them. The one cardinal condition of man's temporal well-being, a condition which every young man ought to master and make his own by daily practice and meditation, is *Temperance*—temperance in all things. He should be neither an epicure nor an ascetic, nor a fanatic in any sense. The fanatic in one way is the reaction from the fanatic in another. The fanaticism of abstinence is caused by the fanaticism of excess. Moderation is the only rule of healthful life; moderation first, of course, in those indulgences to which the temptation is strongest. No one in these times should need to be reminded of the very great importance of being temperate in the use of intoxicating drinks, or of the necessity of abstaining from them altogether. That lesson, thank God, is pretty thoroughly taught to-day; taught, not only by physiologists and moralists, by preachers and lecturers who have risen up as it were from the tomb, but even more solemnly and impressively by the miserable victims who have sunk into ghastly and premature graves, and by those still more miserable, who wander about examples of living death; forsaken by good spirits, and goddess on the earth, and showing their forsakenness and their godlessness by the poverty of their intellectual nature and the atmosphere of corruption which they carelessly exhale. So terrible is the pest of inebriety, so wide, so desolating, that temperance has come to mean nothing else than moderation in this one point.

But we must remember that it is hard to be intemperate in one respect without becoming so in all. Temperance in food is as necessary as temperance in drink. One will as easily kill himself with hot suppers as with brandy. The delights of the table are not for him who sits down to a costly feast, but for him who has the good appetite. The healthy man who dines for a shilling gets more pleasure

from his meal than the clogged glutton who must stimulate himself to enjoy the chief delicacies of the market. What we need is not a greater store of luxuries, but a better digestion; and this inestimable treasure, this talisman which changes bread into ambrosia and water into nectar; this matchless gift whose miraculous touch converts vegetables into fruits, the common earth apple into pippins and nectarines; this best privilege of nature belongs to him who lives moderately, who does not poison his appetite by excesses, or undermine his organs by irregularities. He who would accomplish any thing with clear decision and energy must know how to deny his stomach. When Sir Isaac Newton was devoting himself to the investigation of light and color, in order that his faculties might be quick and his attention close, he confined himself to a small quantity of bread, with a little wine and water, taking a mouthful whenever he felt his animal spirits flag. He knew that a surfeited stomach comported with an empty head, and so rigidly enforced upon himself that moderate and simple regimen which kept his brain in working condition, and did much, in all probability, to secure to the world those splendid demonstrations which are the glory of modern science.

But the rules of temperance cover more cases than these. We should make it a matter of conscience to be moderate in our labor, and moderate in our rest, and moderate in our exercise. We know more than one young man of fine promise and powers, who has disabled himself for life by excessive indulgence in the games of the gymnasium, sad illustrations of the truth that a too eager pursuit of health may lead most fatally to disease. It is easy to say these things, but hard to do them. Many say "ought," but few practice it. But this melancholy fact does not make the "ought" any the less imperative, nor the consequences of disobedience any the less terrible. Is it a sufficient motive for practicing these rules that is wanting? Find it in happiness, in success, in usefulness, in fame, in power. If these are all too weak to resist the force of appetite, there is the grand truth that we are immortal souls enshrined in the flesh, and that the character of those souls, their greatness, wisdom, purity, blessedness; their fate, in short, here and hereafter, depends very much upon the respect paid to their tabernacles of clay.

We are no materialists, we do not believe that the body is every thing. If we did, we should not speak of it in this lofty strain. We do not believe that health is everything; if we did, it would not seem so much worth preserving. Only those who value something more than the body, and who believe that they are something more than body, do full justice to the body and its uses. They who respect the flesh; who keep it clean and healthy; who watch its welfare most anxiously; nurse its energies most carefully; husband, develop and task its powers, making it fittest for enjoyment and for labor, are always persons who believe in the soul, and in the soul's divine mastership. They are philosophers. If there is no more worship let the temples crumble. We have no respect for those who consider nothing but their physical estate, and cry up the conditions of right living in the interest of materialism and the flesh; people who love themselves better than all the world beside, and love their bodies more than any other part of themselves; people who will not do a kindly deed for fear of taking cold, nor make an extra exertion lest they should bring on headache; who will not go to the lyceum, or take pains to submit themselves to the finest influences, for fear they should wet their feet or over-fatigue their muscles; as if knowledge and virtue were not cheaply earned at the cost of headache and catarrh!

The body is an instrument; the welfare of the body is a means, not an end. There are times when both must be sacrificed to the virtuous purposes of life. That they may be ready always to forward and carry them out, we should preserve them sacredly from all violation; *sacredly*, we say, for in preserving these we preserve every thing; and in violating these, who knows that every thing may not for ages be lost. For not with impunity does one desecrate the living temple. Sins against the heart, and lungs, and brain, must be expiated; their curse being laid not only upon the transgressors themselves, but often upon their posterity down to the third and fourth generations. For these sins there is no pardon. They are too great for forgiveness. Disease, disorder, insanity, are their dreadful avengers, inflicting direful tortures upon the sinner in this world, and sending his pale ghost, blind, trembling, vacant into the world of spirits.

Words are feeble to speak on this theme. Would men but listen, not to us, but to those silent voices that plead with them through their own experiences and others' woes; through their fears, and yet more through their hopes and affections; they would, by simplicity, temperance, denial and purity, seek the regeneration of the flesh, that the regeneration of the flesh may be the regeneration of the spirit? Let those whose frames are unpolluted yet, thank God heartily for their deliverance from the infirmity that cripples, and from the vice that kills. Let them who have committed the act of desecration in any form, comprehend what that act is in its whole extent; understand its character, weigh its results and be wise in time.—*Herald of Health for February.*

THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1867.

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PUBLISHED BY THE CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
 Office, 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn Street.

H. C. CHILDS, President. J. W. SMITH, Vice-President
 J. O. BARRETT, Secretary. S. K. REED, Treasurer.
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"No question of general human well-being is foreign to the spirit,
 idea, or genius of the great Spiritual Movement."

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CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association, held in Chicago, on the 26th of December, 1866, it was ordered that the Executive Committee be empowered to decide upon a new and more appropriate name for the Association. The name of CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE was selected. In accordance with instructions from the Executive Committee, President H. C. Childs secured legislative sanction to the proposed change, and the CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is therefore our legal name. The object of this was to accommodate our business friends, who objected to the former name as being too lengthy and difficult of pronunciation. The American people like brevity, and the use of words which express practical work. CENTRAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is obviously well-chosen, indicating what we mean to do. Ours is a business house located in Chicago, the great metropolis of the West, designed to be a central bureau of radical reform. Reconstructed in economy and harmony of forces, we now more sanguinely than ever invite the co-operative industry and economy of the public at large.

J. O. BARRETT, Secretary.

LABOR REFORM.

An "Eight-Hour Law," applicable to all workmen employed by the day, passed the Illinois Legislature during its late session, and has received the signature of the Governor, thus becoming the rule of labor in the State on and after the first of May. That is, eight hours constitute a legal day, as between employer and employe, providing that the law is not applied to persons employed by the week, month or year.

This is hailed as the initial step in the great labor reform movement of the country. And we are glad to note that Illinois, having won an unenviable reputation by the passage and maintenance of certain Black Laws and sundry other conservative stumbling blocks, is awakening fully to a sense of justice, and leads the line of States in this direction, thereby giving due notice to the world that she has arisen to help do the work of the new era. We do not, however, deem the enactment of this law an end, and but a partial means. Neither does it alone indicate the temper of Illinois. We have placed beside it, a Personal Liberty Bill; an act practically abolishing capital punishment; the establishment of a State reform school; provisions for a State Agriculture Industrial College, etc., all of which embody broader and more correct views than we have before deserved the credit of. We hear that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, New Jersey, and our near neighbor Michigan, decline to fairly consider even so much as Illinois has enacted in the department of labor reform. Let these States heed the example, and even surpass it, for this one question is to be the test of loyalty to principle much sooner than is now supposed.

It is scarcely three years since it was brought seriously before the Western people. At that time there was hardly an employer in the country who did not scout it as an Utopian scheme; among workmen its expediency was doubted, and public sentiment was clearly against it, so that from every quarter it found opposition, save from a few whose farsightedness discerned that one of the sustaining causes of ignorance, despotism and poverty, existed in the relations of capital and labor.

The rapidity with which interest in this question has in-

creased up to the present date, bringing it before the Legislatures of nearly all the Northern States, is evidence of its vitality, and a prophesy of its future possibilities. The death warrant of that system of labor which serves to make rich people richer, and poor people poorer, is signed, and henceforth let it be understood that there will be neither rest nor peace until industry ceases to be menial—until labor ceases to be drudgery.

With this warfare in view, time must not be squandered. A more general, and a more complete education is the pressing necessity of the people, as it is the only sure foundation for perpetual equality in relationship between man and man or between woman and man. We hope that the two hours each day gained by the mechanic of Illinois, will be so spent that it will become strength instead of weakness; for could it be shown a year hence that dissipation, instead of industry, has been the result, strong grounds will be taken against the law and protests presented against its existence; or, what would be equally unfortunate, effectual obstructions will prevent further advance for years.

A public spirit must be awakened in favor of sobriety and progress. Public reading rooms must be advocated and established; respectable places of recreation and amusement must be opened and maintained. In fact, this labor reform is, for the present, fundamental; and rising up from it we see gradual and complete reconstruction enacted throughout society.

Let every mechanic who secures two hours to his own use by this law employ them wisely and well, and his present weariness will be substituted by vigor, and rewarded by ambition and sweet hope for the future. Squander them in idleness, or worse, and the sooner the ten hour system is reinstated the better.

To use well what we have is the only recommend for our having more, and to waste what we have is good reason for our being withheld from having.

Already there are efforts being made among the capitalists of this city to evade the operations of the "Eight Hour Law." A meeting of employers was held at the rooms of the Mechanics' and Master Builders' on Saturday evening, 16th inst., on which occasion those present sounded the alarm, by submitting their "reasons" why the law should not be enforced. They affirm that "Illinois cannot at this time afford to be deprived of one-fifth of her productive industry and creative wealth without the liability of being outstripped and left in the rear by her equally enterprising and more industrious neighbors."

Of course, capital cannot "afford," in its own estimate, to relinquish its hold on human flesh, but in heaven's name is there no higher use for human bodies than the creation of capital, the building up of the State in wealth and aristocracy?

Again, "Manufactories in this city and State, are but in their infancy; and it is desirable that no unusual obstacles or impediments be thrown in their way!"

Carefully, oh! how carefully must "manufactories" be treated! Step lightly among the hot-beds of capital! rock with gentle fingers the cradle in the nursery of wealth; but oh! workingman, what of you? Nothing. Toil on. Work till you die, then be buried like a dog. You are of no consequence, but your *earnings* enrich your masters. Again they query, "In our cold climate, out-door labor can only be successfully prosecuted a little more than one-half the year." * * * "ought then this season of less than six months to be still further abridged by cutting off one-fifth of the balance? Ought we not, rather, to do all we can while the favorable weather lasts, and rest, recuperate and improve our intellects during the rest of the year?" * * *

"What sympathy does he deserve who pleads poverty in winter, and yet refuses to earn only four-fifths of what he might readily do in summer?"

The estimate of the laborer here is the same as would be made of the horse or ox. Intelligence—the advantage to be gained intellectually by properly conserving physical vitality, is entirely ignored. A man who works intelligently eight hours, will accomplish more than one who labors mechanically, or machine-like, ten hours. We propose to substitute a progressively intelligent workingman, who is proud of his occupation, for the comparatively uninterested toiler of to-day, in which case eight hours is preferable to ten.

We need not cite further from these "objections." What we here present is a sample of the whole, and in them we see neither substance nor consistency.

The following resolution was adopted after some debate:

Resolved, That on and after the first day of April, 1867, all manufacturers, builders, and others in the habit of employing men by the day, will, from that time forward, engage and pay them solely by the hour; and that we all use our utmost endeavors to induce those in our employ to continue to work ten hours a day as heretofore."

The Secretary was instructed to inform railroad companies and other employers of the proceedings of the meeting, and the assembly then adjourned.

What is to be the result of this "resolve" we know not. Time will tell.

Of one thing we feel assured; men and women must have more time for rest and culture, that society may be improved. We may preach, and lecture, and flourish in dreams

forever. Society wants opportunity to *put into practice what it knows* in a plain common sense way, and if capitalists refuse this boon, let them beware. There is an "irrepressible conflict"—a "coming crisis," breathed out upon the very air and no earthly power can stay its workings.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

Dating our heavenly religion in the central principle spirit, and regarding it as causation—a fact which nature verifies in her laws, forms and uses—we arrive at a happy conclusion, that there must be, in this correlation, "spiritual manifestations." We calculate results with the certainty of mathematics, that two make four.

There is a soul in this philosophy evolving a world which would not, and cannot, resist; it is the innate insusceptibility superior to trial, loss, and death itself; that hears, and feels immortality within and above us, as memory lives, love pulses forward into the here, our world draws the sunbeams down to develop beauty, so angels appear responsive to demanding our hitherto darkened humanity.

This later revelation, opening the seals of books, marrying science with religion, presenting candidates for the schools of life, demonstrating to its hold upon matter, in ways exact the needs of human society, raising it from its present state in the telegraphing of news from the dead, rejuvenating the sick by the laying on of hands, and music, and painting, in vision and prophesy, and reconstruction. What if this "healing" is abused, until Spiritualism, as a name, falls into disgrace, does it harm the underlying principle? No, rather, put us on our guard, prompting us to go deeper, and ascend higher, even to the transfiguration of the self-denying Nazarene?

So far from ignoring phenomenal Spiritualism, we have, from the beginning, advocated and nurtured it as the primary department of apostleship. Mere reasoning upon immortality will never satisfy. All of us demand the tangible. Should the fountain of life flow at our very feet, we doubt, unless we taste for ourselves.

Sincerely entertaining these views, as our writings show, it seems strange to some that we have dispensed with the Message Department, as a specialty. Our object was not to shut off communication with spirits, but to open up purer channels, whence reliable truth can come to us as a "reflex" from the presence of the Lord." We are averse to monotonies of every kind, more especially the spiritual, confident, as we are, that when intensified under magnetic inspiration, they become the greatest of tyrannies. We propose to aid in scattering this strong tendency of our forces. Mediumistic, as we all are in some sense, endowed with spiritualities, which, when in balance of use, make us self-reliant, which, when inspired of heaven, transform us into gods of power, why not institute a democratic method of work? Why so much foreign commerce, when the sources of angelhood are all around and within us? Why this perpetuation of a vicarious atonement, under the name of Spiritualism? If rendering a mask of hallucination, or exposure of trickery, or severe criticism, tears down our superstructure, so be it—we are gainers in the loss, for our foundation remains.

There is sufficient evidence that the spirit world is opened to mortals; but, however vast and exalting, it is turned to jugglery, if we do not reduce it to practical regeneration. From the mediums we would remove an oppression which, at times, fosters the false we all deplore. We would have our religion take root in the hearts of the masses. We aim at the destruction of a monopolizing mediumship, by encouraging home circles for spiritual communion, and by substituting individual culture for mere dependency upon another's testimony. A man must be a witness to himself that he is immortal ere he ceases to doubt.

Let us, then, be plainly understood. We heartily ask mediums and writers generally, to furnish us with their reliable experiences, that others may see what powers are slumbering within them; and be not afraid here of criticism. No such fire can injure the pure gold of truth, but rather purge it from dross. Let us not make our department of Angel Ministry a curiosity shop, filled with waxed flowers and candied images, but room for the angels' hearts to beat in, filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The practical, the *practical!* Less than this our philosophy is but a vain show. As in industrial life, man, by invention, embodies nature's mad passions into humble servants, till machinery hath fingers and tongues; so, when we harness up our divine lightnings to the car of intellectual and moral improvement, earth is emparadised in the loves of angels.

Let us have a Spiritualism, then, that will make holier marriages, happier homes, more beautiful children, more fraternal governments, nobler character. *

Bayard Taylor, who has just sailed for Europe, intends to write another novel during his visit there.

Spiritual Republic
March 23, 1867

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE

Letter from H. J. Child, M. D.

PERSONAL

J. S. Loveland is creating a "revival" in Sturgis, Mich.,—we mean, an increase of interest in the discovery and application of truth. He has delivered six lectures on "The Human Origin of the Bible," this week.

J. M. Peebles is to lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., during April.

Susie M. Johnson speaks in Sturgis, Mich., during April. She is one of our best lecturers, and a true, faithful worker. She will receive calls to lecture during the spring and summer in the West.

A. J. and Mary F. Davis have volunteered their services to the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, N. Y., and are now at work organizing a Children's Lyceum. The equipments used in this Lyceum are the first complete outfit manufactured in the establishment of Brother E. Waters & Sons, No. 303 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree, the excellent psychometrist, of Washington, D. C., has been ill for two weeks, and unable to attend to business, but we are glad to learn is now much improved in health, and ready to receive letters again. Address P. O. Box 455.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown spoke to a good audience at Music Hall on Sunday evening, 17th inst. Her lecture was earnestly given, and well received.

Fred. Douglass is announced to speak in Chicago on Saturday evening, 23d inst. The daily papers of Saturday will give more definite notice.

LAND GRANT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

In July, 1862, the United States Congress granted to each State of the Union 30,000 acres of land for each Senator and Representative to which such State was then entitled, to be converted into an interest-bearing fund for the perpetual use of a college or colleges, for the encouragement and cultivation of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The conditions of the grant were: that it, with its terms, should be accepted by the State; that the land should be selected, sold, and all other things necessary to convert the land into an interest, bearing capital, be done, without charge against the avails, by the State; and that it should, all but ten per cent., be put at interest; but that the State might use to that extent of the fund to purchase an experimental farm.

Those States which have United States lands within their borders may select from them, but cannot go into other States. Those who have not such lands within their limits must receive, instead, agricultural college scrip, which must be sold and located by the purchaser, like land warrants of 160 acres each, but cannot be located by the State.

By virtue of this act the State of Illinois receives from the United States 480,000 acres of land, or scrip to locate that amount.

By a late act of the Legislature of the State of Illinois, "a body politic and corporate" has been created, styled, "The Board of Trustees of the Illinois Industrial University."

This Board has been filled by the appointment of the Governor, and on the 12th instant the trustees of the University held their first meeting at Springfield in the Representative Hall. Present—David S. Hammond, H. D. Burchard, John S. Johnson, Samuel Edwards, O. B. Galusha, M. L. Dunlap, Lemuel Allen, Alexander Blackburn, M. C. Gaitre, J. H. Hungate, Willard C. Flagg, A. M. Brown, Charles H. Tapping, Thomas Quick, B. Pullen, Isaac S. Mahan, George Harding, J. H. Pickerell, I. O. Cunningham, J. W. Scroggs, John M. Van Osdel, J. C. Burroughs, S. S. Hayes, Emery Cobb, Robert Douglass; *ex-officio* members—Gov. Oglesby and the Hon. Newton Bateman.

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Gregory was appointed Regent, and his salary fixed at \$3,000. He was formerly President of a Baptist College in Michigan. It is therefore to be presumed that he is a Baptist clergyman.

John W. Bunn, of Springfield, was appointed Treasurer, and his bail fixed at \$300,000.

It is generally understood that the Industrial University is already located at Urbana, Champaign county, but such is not the fact. In consideration that it should be located at that spot, the Supervisors of Champaign county made, to the late Legislature of the State of Illinois, the following offer to convey to the State, in fee simple, the Urbana and Champaign Institute buildings, grounds, etc., containing about ten acres; also, 160 acres of land adjacent thereto; also, 400 acres of land, being part of section number twenty; also, 400 acres on section nineteen, in township number nineteen north of range number nine, east; also, a dona-

tion by the Illinois Central Railroad Company of fifty thousand dollars worth of freight over its road; also, one hundred thousand dollars in Champaign county bonds, and two thousand dollars worth of shade and ornamental trees from the nursery of M. L. Dunlap.

The act makes it the duty of the Board of Trustees to permanently locate the University at Urbana whenever the County of Champaign shall duly convey to the State the Urbana and Champaign Institute buildings, grounds, and lands, together with their appurtenances, according to the terms of its offer. In plain words, the Supervisors of Champaign county offer to the State, for the location of the University, the Champaign Institute and ten acres of land, and besides this 960 acres of land near by; \$50,000 worth of freight; \$100,000 worth of Champaign county bonds; \$2,000 worth of trees, provided the State will locate the University at Urbana. The State, on the other hand, creates a Board of Trustees, and directs the Board to give Champaign county the location when she shall convey to the State the Institute building and ten acres of land.

There is no doubt but that Champaign county will comply with the conditions of the act, and that the Industrial University will be located where the Champaign Institute buildings now stand, nearly midway between Champaign city (the new town) and Urbana (the old town), and that the Governor of the State will assign to the University the land scrip appropriated by the United States, and that 480,000 acres of the people's land will be absorbed in some kind of an institution. What that shall be will depend upon the action of the Board of Trustees, who have ample power to make the University anything or nothing according to their wisdom or their want of it.

Inasmuch as the readers of the SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC are deeply interested in the results to be produced by this Industrial University, we propose to watch its progress, and, if possible, help to make it what it ought to be, truly an Industrial University.

PHILADELPHIA LYCEUM.

The members and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia will hold their Annual Exhibition, at Musical Fund Hall, Locust street, above eighth, on Friday evening, March 29th, 1867.

Conductor, M. B. Dyott; Musical Director, C. E. Sargent.

We have received the programme of the above proposed Exhibition, and feel assured that it cannot fail to be an entertainment of rare excellence. The Philadelphia Lyceum is only second to that of New York in age, the latter having been organized on the 25th of Jan., 1863; the former the 29th of March, of the same year, and is probably the largest, and, in some of its departments, the best drilled of any in the country. Mr. Dyott is one of our most competent and enthusiastic Conductors, and will enter with zest into the management of the exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will be present and help on the good time. We shall expect a good report from them.

"A WOMAN'S SECRET"

"Rose Color" is a chapter of tender experiences between Rebecca and her lover. "The Right of a Man to Whip his Wife," besides discussing the delicate question of whether, or not, this ancient prerogative of the male sex carries with it any actual blessing, dimly foreshadows a grave catastrophe, which renders it more than probable that Mr. Gladstone's adherence to this old and well established principle will never be brought to the test.

AGAIN.

Miss Ella Van Wie has been exposed in her shameless trickery again. This is the third, and we trust the last time, since we hope she may not be allowed the opportunity to deceive hereafter.

This last expose occurred at Lowell, Mich., on the evening of the 6th inst. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, of St. Johns, Mich., persons in whom we have confidence as conscientious and truthful members of society, have been traveling with Miss Van Wie for some weeks for the purpose of affording evidence of what was supposed to be a spiritual power. They confided in her, and she concealed her deception from them. On the evening above stated, the artificial flowers, ribbons, etc., supposed to be exhibited by spirits, were discovered about her person, and at the instance of Mr. Wheelock, she came before the audience and confessed to the entire falsity of her performance, declaring that Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock were not in any way party to the deception, they being also deceived.

We have but to reiterate our remark of last week, and with redoubled emphasis, "GIVE US HONEST MEDIUMS OR NONE."

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Crosby's Music Hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

Conference at 1 o'clock P. M.
Mr. Seth Paine will lecture in Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday evening, March 24th. All are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

THE NURSERY.—Three numbers of a charming little monthly magazine for youngest readers, have appeared under this title, and already its success has made it one of the "established" magazines of the day. Nothing so well adapted to children under eight years of age has yet appeared. The type is large; the wood cuts are many and spirited. Every young mother who sees the work is fascinated with it, and straightway becomes a subscriber. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year in advance, or, where club of five or more are formed, \$1.20; single numbers, 15 cent. Address Fanny P. Seaverns, Boston, Mass. The Western News Company in Chicago have the work for sale. Quite a large list of subscribers has been got up for it in Illinois, including the Governor of the State and the principal public functionaries.

THE RADICAL for March contains the following: "The Church of the Spirit," C. A. Bartol; "Cheer," from an unpublished poem; "Ecce Homo," George Howison; "Form Apart from Substance," C. K. Whipple; "Dare and Know," George S. Burleigh; "The Natural and the Spiritual," Samuel Longfellow; "Washington," John Weiss; "An Ordination," Editor; "The Nature and Object of a Church," J. Vila Blake; "What the People Read," S. C. Beach; "The Radical," Editor. The April number will contain an article by Samuel Johnson, "The Spiritual Promise of America." For sale at the bookstores. Adams & Co., publishers, 21 Bromfield street, Boston.

THE FRIEND.—An independent monthly published at 131 William street, New York. We receive with good cheer the "greeting" of *The Friend*. As an independent fireside monthly, it has no superior. Its pages are open for the discussion of those great Religious and Social questions which concern all the people. It is pledged to no party, subject to no sect, bound by no formal creed.

It is published for the small sum of \$2.00 a year in advance, with a liberal discount to clubs of three, five, ten, twenty, etc.

All letters to be addressed to *The Friend*, 131 William St., New York.

The following note to the editor of *The Friend* we print in this connection for the good there is in it:

"CHICAGO, 11th month, 20th, 1866.

"To the Editor of *The Friend*:"

"Thy request shall be complied with. I will send thee a piece for thy paper whenever the spirit will aid me, and I prithee, mention not the filthy lucre, because I notice in all authors the difference in the books that have come out of a movement of the spirit, and those that have come out of a movement of the publisher.

"I like thy paper, and believe that if thou art true to thy calling it will do great good among the friends—who are thy enemies—as well as those that are in harmony with thee. Also, I like it because John Chadwick, who is also of the school of the prophets, writes pieces for thee. May thy shadow never be less, and the shadow of thy hat-brim never be more, and I will not only write for, but stand by, *The Friend*."

"Thine for the inner light, ROBERT COLLYER,
"Hiring Minister, Chicago."

THE UNWELCOME CHILD.—Bela Marsh, publisher, Boston. Price, paper, 36 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

This little work, by Henry C. Wright, has reached its fifth edition, and is yet selling rapidly. All who are interested in maternity, or the general welfare of the race, should read it. There are few crimes greater than those embodied in unwelcome maternity. Let the millions read the book and—think.

For sale by the publisher, and at this office.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The Committee on Federal Relations of the Massachusetts Legislature report against the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

The water has been let into the lake Tunnel, and in a few days we are to have as pure water in Chicago as Lake Michigan can afford.

On the 13th inst., General Grant, in General Order No. 10, published for the information and government of all concerned, the act to provide for a more efficient government of the rebel States, and concludes as follows: In pursuance of this act the President directs the following assignments to be made:

First District—State of Virginia, to be commanded by Brevet Major General J. M. Schofield, headquarters at Richmond.

Second District—Consisting of North and South Carolina, to be commanded by Major General D. E. Sickles, headquarters at Columbia.

Third District—Consisting of the States of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, to be commanded by General G. H. Thomas, headquarters at Montgomery.

Fourth District—Consisting of the States of Mississippi and Arkansas, to be commanded by Brevet Major General E. O. C. Ord, headquarters at Vicksburg.

Fifth District—Consisting of the States of Louisiana and

Mississippi, to be commanded by Major General A. S. Johnston, headquarters at New Orleans.

FEDERAL SPIRITUALISM.

adopted, among other things, the insurrectionary States deprived themselves of legal Government, and can be legally re-invested with State Government alone by the law-making power of the United States;" and the "it has become an equally well-settled principle with the American people, that all men shall stand in the same relation to the Government, and enjoy equal rights and privileges under it, irrespective of the place or circumstances of birth, color, race, or former condition."

The Eight Hour Bill which was supposed to have been killed in the Wisconsin Assembly, was brought up on the 12th inst., and passed by a vote of fifty-one ayes to thirty-two noes.

George B. Jones, a colored man, was elected one of the constables of Blackstone, Mass., on Monday last.

The Legislature at Albany has as yet failed to agree upon a bill to provide for the holding of a State Constitutional Convention. Let the demand continue to be pressed for the ballot and representation for the unenfranchised colored men and women of the State, in the election of delegates. Kansas leads the way. Illinois and Michigan are striving to "fall into line," and will, if human effort can prevail. We hope New York will not fail to keep step to the music of the times.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. Mary Severance, formerly of Whitewater, is now located at Milwaukee, Wis. She reads characters, discerns events psychometrically by letter. She is among the best in illustrating this wonderful power.

Edwin Churchill, writing from Pontiac, Mich., says: "Arrangements are being made to commence regular Sunday meetings, and establish a Lyceum in that place about the first of April. Success attend the effort."

The Telegraph, published in Salt Lake City, says: "New York has 38,024 more women than men. And down there they only allow one wife to each man. Only think of that! There's refined cruelty to the poor women."

A "heathen," at our elbow, wishes to know how many husbands are allowed each woman of Salt Lake? She suggests that to allow but one to each woman might possibly be "refined cruelty."

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, of Minnesota, is successfully advocating the rights of woman to suffrage. She recently spoke in the hall of the House of Representatives in St. Paul.

The *St. Paul Daily Press*, commenting on her effort, says: "Like all who think with her, she goes back to the foundation—to first principles. To her mind, the phrase 'men,' as used by Jefferson and the fathers, is a generic term and includes women as well as men. From this is deduced the right of women to vote."

Prof. E. Whipple, writing from Chagrin Falls, Ohio, reports Spiritualism on the increase in quantity and quality. There are very few resident speakers in Ohio, consequently few regular meetings. Mr. Whipple is engaged to attend the Convention to be held at Omro, Wis., in May next.

"Artemus Ward" has directed, in his will, that his property, after the death of his mother, shall go toward the erection of an asylum for printers.

The amount thus bequeathed is said to be \$60,000, and is suggested that steps be at once taken to raise a fund which, added to this, will found an institution, the need of which has long been felt.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who recently spoke in this city, has been lecturing at Battle Creek, Mich., to good audience and with fine effect. We are glad to hear of Mrs. Ballou's success.

H. S. Brown, M. D., formerly of Milwaukee, Wis., has issued another of his stirring tracts. The one now before us, entitled, "The Signs of the Times," treats of the salvation of the race. The doctor's original and independent manner of treating this subject is quite suggestive. The tract can be had by sending a red postage stamp to Dr. E. Holden, North Clarendon, Vt. We understand that the doctor is soon to issue another sixteen page tract.

An Ohio man, who has been planting cotton in Louisiana for the past year—his first farming experience—privately writes:

"My experience with the negroes left me no doubt as to the entire practicability of growing cotton by free labor. But negroes, like other laborers, must be handled with discretion, and by men of executive capacity. It is amazingly easy for a fool to find the negroes unwilling to work for him."

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

Letter from H. T. Child, M. D.

During the last seventeen years Spiritualism in Philadelphia has undergone several changes. In the early days we looked at each other timidly and asked questions cautiously. The people were always inquiring, some openly, but more in secret—our evening meetings were more fully attended than those held in the day. But on the tide has rolled, through good and through evil reports, and the cause has continued to spread in all departments of society, and to-day it commands an acknowledgment, and even a good degree of respect, from a large portion of the community. Some of us who have stood in the front ranks for a long time and received the shafts of envy and falsehood and misrepresentation, feel that is more pleasant now to be appealed to to explain our views, and to have an acknowledgment that we are fit for something beside the insane asylums. Our cause has not, however, grown popular enough to escape entirely the jibes and sneers of the unthinking portion of the theological and social world, some of whom suppose they are doing wonderful things when they throw ridicule or misrepresentation upon modern Spiritualism. But my object in writing is to give your readers and our many friends in other places an account of some of our meetings, which are, to many of us, among the most interesting features of this world-wide and world-stirring movement. We have, for many years, held conferences during the summer months—when there were no regular lectures. But during the winter Bro. Dyott proposed to have the Lyceum commence at half past nine in the morning, on Sundays, and our morning lectures at half past eleven.

This left our hall unoccupied during the afternoon, and it was proposed to hold conferences at 3 P. M., and examine the subjects which were presented in the morning lectures.

The rules of our conference allow fifteen minutes to the first speaker and ten minutes each to others speakers, giving the first speaker the privilege of closing the debate. We invite any lady or gentleman to take part in these discussions, and have endeavored to have the lecturer with us, in order to explain any views that may not be clearly understood, and also to hear our criticisms. The interest in these meetings has increased, and our lecturers have expressed themselves pleased with the freedom and good feeling that always prevailed in them. What a contrast this with churches. We ask liberal minded men and women to come to our platform and give us their highest and best thought, and then open our hall and permit any respectful criticism or opposition to the views and sentiments presented. These conferences are good schools for cultivating the faculty of speaking in public, and there are often very impressive sentiments uttered by those who avail themselves of these opportunities. In addition to our four Sunday meetings, we have the penetralium, which is a society for the acquisition of Spirituo-scientific knowledge. Many of us have perceived that the earnest investigators of science were ascending the hill of materiality with certain and rapid strides toward the Spiritual, and while we would encourage these, there has been a disposition on our part to look into science from the Spiritual standpoint, and as each army thus gathered up facts, we hoped to meet and compare them at the top of the hill.

This association has lectures every Friday evening at their hall, southwest corner of Ninth and Spring Garden streets. The first hour is devoted to a lecture, and the balance of the evening to criticisms of it by the audience, each person being allowed ten minutes.

I would suggest to the friends in other places where they own or control the halls, to try these things. Meet often, friends, compare sentiments, ask and answer questions and you will find a growing harmony amongst you. With one glorious religion, blessed by the freedom of thought which it brings, we ought to banish all the disposition to slander one another, which I am sorry to say is not confined within the churches. One remedy for this will be found in frequent association. We seldom feel inclined to talk against persons in their presence, and when a feeling of jealousy gets up, it grows like a mushroom in the night; but the sunlight of the presence of a brother or sister will soon cause it to wither and fade away. We, as Spiritualists, with our broad philosophy and all embracing religion, ought to be the most harmonious and loving people in the world, having charity for all, and seeking ever to restore the weak and erring ones, and ever remembering the saying of Jesus, "let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

If we would have good angels come and minister to us, we must prepare the way by putting our own houses in order. Spiritualism has a two-fold mission; first, to elevate and improve our own condition, and then by precept and example do this for all humanity.

Its mission is to bless all, and especially the weak and erring ones, and by enlisting them on the side of right and truth, make an army that shall be victorious over error and undevelopment. We have had enough of the "stand by, I am holier than thou." Let us try the other plan by, "come, brother, come, sister, let us go up together to the

mountain of the Lord." We can never help any one, however low they may be, in the right spirit without finding that we are really helping ourselves.

Philadelphia, Pa., March, 1867.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

FROM JAMES SLOVER.

"The sun of truth is beginning to cast his rays over the darkness of this place. We are trying to show a bold front to superstition and error. Let us all work for "the good time coming." I keep my paper, THE REPUBLIC, "going the rounds" of the neighborhood. It is read with such interest that when it returns to me it is used up, so hungry is the common mind for Spiritual food.

Neenah, Wis.

FROM A LITERARY WRITER.

I do not see why Spiritualism should bear the burden of the many crudities with which certain undigested philosophers would saddle it. Let us take it for granted, that if there is such a thing as an angelic spirit, there may be a supreme divine spirit—God. I was sorry to see in a Spiritual paper not long since, a long "argument" in favor of atheism, in which the writer speaks of us poor theists as if we were undeveloped children in comparison with himself. Now I do not object to an argument, even in support of atheism, if it is marked by ability—if the writer shows he is master of the whole discussion. But the writer I speak of wrote like a boy who has got hold of some ideas he believes to be new, but which a little study would have shown him were old and exploded centuries ago. The difficulty with nearly all our "new lights," free lovers, atheists, etc., is that they are not scholars. They go over ground which has been gone over hundreds of times before. They set up arguments that were knocked down and proved to be worthless as far back as Aristotle. If a man or woman claims to be inspirational, let him prove it by not showing ignorance of what has been said and published on the same topic centuries before he was born.

Boston, Mass., March 7.

FROM MARY J. COLBURN.

Spiritualism must shortly beat down all opposition and become the prevailing religion of the land. I find none who pretend to deny the fact of modern spirit manifestations. Some of the more liberal of the orthodox begin to inquire, but then they do it, "privately for fear of the Jews." The great want is moral courage, to think and act independent of popular sentiment. But, thank God, this is a growing quality of the mind, and is often wonderfully developed by the first effort at free inquiry. Spiritualism I believe to be the grand instrument which God designs for the elevation of the race to the true dignity of human nature. It embraces all reforms, civil, social and religious. I have been acquainted with reformers and reformers for a long series of years. They often err in expecting too much from the present time. They would crowd the work of centuries upon a single generation. God's providences move slowly but surely. The true Spiritualist cannot aim amiss, let him labor in whatever field he may choose for the advancement of humanity.

But I must tell you of an occurrence which marks the progress of public sentiment in this section. Last year a petition was presented to the Legislature of Minnesota, asking for the grant of the right of suffrage to women. The petition was unanimously rejected—laid under the table. This year the petition was repeated, and it was accepted by the Legislature and referred to a special committee.

Other States seem to be moving in the same direction. How grand is the present moment, how prophetic of a glorious future! Negro slavery abolished—women's emancipation must follow in due order, for

"The eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem calm and slow, which God repeats."

Champlin, Minn., March 7.

FROM MRS. LOUISA M. STRONG.

I will deny myself other things, if necessary, rather than dispense with your paper. It has become one of our household gods.

The authoress of "A Woman's Secret," with lance and scalpel, is laying bare the deep recesses of the heart. It is to be hoped her impartial delineation of character, her thorough knowledge of human nature, and radical principles, will be truly appreciated, and lead many to think that perhaps everything in the moral atmosphere of society is not as correct as it might be, and that there is much need of reform and reformers. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. There is much to be done before worth will be respected above wealth and fashion, but until it is there will be little if any reform in morals.

True reform is not born of fear or compulsion, neither is it the offspring of excitement. What Mrs. Corbin says will bear repeating, that "cultivation may do much, the spirit of God may do more, but no power of God has ever yet been made manifest, that could change the essential and ingrained attributes of a human soul."

Patience, perseverance, is what reformers need, and all

who love the cause must work, and hope that future generations may see the day when

"All crime shall cease and arrant fraud shall fall,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend."

FROM A SWEDENBORGIAN FRIEND.

Your motives are to be approved—your individual effort I believe to be conscientious—and the literary merit of your paper is more than fair.

The only question is respecting utility. Are you directing your efforts with an eye to the economy of force? Does the class of minds reached by your words, through a journal necessarily ignored by all but a class, receive instruction to good and useful ends, or do they rejoice in the liberty to destroy, and not the higher liberty which embraces constraint, and an obligation to construct? Modern Spiritualists, in my estimation, are the most material in ideas of all the sects. They are Spiritualists because of demonstrations of a physical and material nature, without faith—and to a great extent ignore the Lord, accepting the teachings of a low order of spirits as of more authority than the life of Christ, to say nothing of his word. A reformer should so arrange his forces as to be received by those needing reformation. But these are feeble suggestions of the moment.

I recognize the mission of the iconoclast, and am not without a certain admiration for the enthusiasm of Quixote. But the experience of the last ten years has unfitted me for the mission of either. I can no longer exhort men to return to a life more according to nature—as I have come to regard civilization as nothing short of a departure from nature—and Christianity demands, first of all things, a renunciation of natural inclinations, propensities, and practices, because all these are outward manifestations of a selfhood, which is self supremely, and self only.

Michigan City, Ind., Feb. 28, 1867.

[REMARKS.—Wholesome criticism involves a savor of life. Does our literary brother accept the historic fact that all parties and sects have had their parasites? It is so in Spiritualism; it would not be worthy of a moment's thought were not its teachings susceptible to abuse. The good of a principle is often well illustrated by its contrast of evil use. In this we are agreed. We have no wish to apologize for anything in Spiritualism conflicting with Divine order. If we understand our Swedenborgian brother, he too believes that the spirit must have its physical manifestations; why then does he underrate the good of physical tests of angel ministry? Shall we scorn the symbols and demonstrable evidence of immortality? The consciousness of this truth is higher, is highest; but let us not ignore the steps many must take to develop it. Were humanity to stop on the present plane of Spiritualism, and there crystallize into a sect, its condition would be indeed lamentable—for it is only as yet working mainly in the outer court, and not hallowed to holy and devout culture. But we see in the "signs of the times," and in the general demand of Spiritualists and other Radicals for a higher and more orderly religious economy, the institutionalizing of the inspired thought of the age in beautiful and glorious proportions. Hence we work where there are the most life and the best practical assurance of successful reconstruction.] *

GARIBALDI.—A correspondent, [writing from Florence, says: "I must tell you a genuine anecdote of Garibaldi. When he was here in September, Depritis, the Home Minister, waited upon him, in the name of the King, to request that he would accept from the treasury of a grateful country the life-pension of 25,000 francs (\$5,000) yearly—the highest given in Italy. Garibaldi desired his thanks to his Majesty for his royal offer, but requested forty-eight hours to reflect on it. At the end of two days he accordingly sent for the Minister, and said to him, 'I have communed with my own soul, and I have said to myself, I have fought against tyranny for liberty in South America, Sicily, and Rome, without money, and without price. Shall I now accept of a reward for having done only my duty to my own country? My soul will be humiliated by doing so. Thank the King for his kind offer, but I cannot take a pension from any living man.'"

GOOD HABITS.—Remember, boys, before you are twenty you must establish a character that will serve you all your life. As habits grow stronger every year, any turning into a new path is more and more difficult; therefore, it is often harder to unlearn than to learn; and on this account a famous fôte player used to charge double price to those pupils who had been taught before by a poor master. Try and reform a lazy, unthrifty, or drunken person, and in most cases you fail; for the habit, whatever it is, has so wound itself into the life that it cannot be uprooted. The best habit of all is the habit of care in the formation of good habits.

Rev. Dr. Robert Lowell, brother of J. Russell Lowell, and author of "The New Priest," and a contributor, both in prose and verse, to the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been elected to the professorship of English Literature in Racine College in Wisconsin.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Phonographically reported by W. F. Jamieson.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY SETH PAINE, BEFORE THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS OF CHICAGO, JAN., 1867.

I will read a few words from the 4th and 5th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing at the 31st verse of the 4th chapter:

31. And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.

32. And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own but they had all things common.

33. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.

34. Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold,

35. And laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.

CHAPTER V.

But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession,

2. And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

3. But Peter—[seeing, of course, with his clairvoyant eye]—said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?

4. While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thy heart? Thou hast not lied unto man but unto God.

5. And Ananias hearing these words, fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on them that heard these things.

6. And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

7. And it was about the space of three hours after when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in.

8. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land forso much? And she said, Yea, for so much.

9. Then Peter said unto her, How is that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.

10. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost, and the young men came in and found her dead, and carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.

[Mr. Paine read also from the same book, 10th chapter, 24th verse.—REPORTER.]

There are certain fundamental principles which are necessary to insure a permanent superstructure in the building of human society, and securing human happiness, as solid foundation is to secure stability to large and weighty buildings thereon erected. Yet men frequently, and more frequently, perhaps, than they violate the true laws of architecture in building houses, shops, stores and mills, do lay the foundations of social and religious systems on the ever-shifting sands of fleeting conditions and circumstances, only to be swept away, no matter what the destruction, when the storms of agitation and the whirlwinds of revolution come upon them. Nor, in this respect, do men learn wisdom from experience, as they seem to do in the ordinary round of every-day life. Especially is this true in religious systems and organizations. Improvement is made sooner in all other things than in man's religious education, and yet this lies fundamental to, and is the chief corner-stone of his whole superstructure.

We have physical and material improvement on every hand. Agriculture, science and art, all bend before the majestic tread of material progress, and the physical conditions of man are, everywhere, changing for the better. In these all, unlike the religious movements of the world, there is no sect, no party, no nation. All people, everywhere, seem ready, almost, to run faster in the race for physical superiority, than do the mighty and rapid currents of the great river of progress.

In agriculture, commerce, manufactures, in peace and in war, physical improvement and perfection are the ever-animating and all-controlling influences which pervade every rank, and operate for the benefit, in greater or less degree, of all classes of people.

We have the steam engine, the railroad and the telegraph and yet are far less satisfied with our condition, and more than ever determined to dig deeper down into the mine of physical possibility, and bring up jewels more rich and rare than any yet discovered.

In this grand race are enlisted, differing only in degree, the Pagan, Mohammedan, Jew and Christian. This is one of the hopeful features of our time. The year to which we have just bidden good by has been crammed fuller of great events and majestic accomplishments than any of its predecessors: and the year 1867 is one to which the finger of prophecy has so long been pointing on the dial plate of the centuries. The dreams and ideals of past ages are now crystallizing their forms, and this year, on the carpet of which we are just beginning to tread, they shall more than ever rock social and religious, as well as improve physical structures, all over the world. I dare not commit my hopeful and sanguine nature to the sphere of prophecy, lest I

seem, to some, wild and extravagant, and, to more, perhaps, as positively insane.

It behooves all to be up and doing, and the mass of mankind may take a note of warning, be ready at the depots of knowledge, and take seats in the car Emancipation, with as little baggage as possible, the less the better, made up of the cherished errors of the conservative past.

This year will be eminently marked by reforms, revolutionary in their nature. Long enough, I think far too long, have we been putting new wine of this age into the old and time-strained bottles of the past. Long enough, far too long, I think, have we been sewing patches in the time-worn garments of social and religious, governmental and educational systems, systems of trade and finance, until the grim monster War, with his hungry maw, has swallowed, almost at a single gulp, more than a million of our best and most heroic men, and carried down into the whirlpools of destruction more than ten thousand millions of the people's treasure. Why did we wait for war? Is the tongue of peace palsied? Must the sword forever supersede the pen? Is genius only the child of Moloch? Is reason dead? Must we always do as we have always done? Is experience no teacher? Shall its voice be forever lifted up in vain? Shall our legislation continue for all time to pattern after Moses, aye, go back of Moses, while for almost two thousand years we have preached but not practiced, Christ and him crucified? Shall an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, eternally hold front rank in all the relations of trade, commerce, government and religious organisms, while meek-eyed Charity is allowed nowhere to pillow her aching head, and systematic *turning-of-the-other-cheek* is wholly unknown?

Man can level mountains, fill up valleys, tunnel lakes and rivers, belt the earth with railroads, and make for his telegraphic cable a resting place in old ocean's bed. He can literally take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost part of the earth. Oil gurgles up from the deep caverns of mother earth at the mystic touch of his genius, and the cry of ages, "Light! more light!" is answered by a million blazes brilliant as the stars. He has bridged the ocean and broken down the walls of partition between the nations and peoples of the earth, who, like kindred drops, are fast mingling into one. More than all this, he has drawn aside the curtain of life and immortality and laid the offering of *knowledge* on the altars of faith, telling man, not in prophesy, not in dreams, not in poetical fiction or fanciful ideal, that the soul now living shall live on forever, that understanding the life that now is, has given us victory over the grave, and robbed death of its sting; that while to live is good, dying, to the past, is better if it lift us to the angelic spheres and makes our abode in the Summer-Land.

Man, helpless and feeble as he is, in infancy, has shown that by the possession of knowledge he is equal to any emergency, even to solving the supposed mysteries of spirit life, which have their dwelling place not in the fabled home of favorite and far-off deities, but within himself. Grasping, at first, the ruder and grosser materialities around him, he has kept on struggling for the mastery, until he now chains the lightning, and makes the most subtle element known to the natural philosophers of the schools the vehicle to convey his thoughts everywhere, in just no time at all. Nay, more, scaling the battlements of Paradise, man has opened his clairvoyant eye upon the supernal beauties of that land where the long lost and the loved ones of earth are waiting in joyous revel to welcome him again to their embrace, and where sorrow and parting are unknown. More yet, he has found out the way, and made the path a beaten one, in which, by means of that still more subtle element—spirit magnetism—not known to the philosophers of the schools, he can travel to and from the immortal spheres, and bear, as a messenger, the dispatches of love from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven!

All this is fact, every-day fact—no fiction. Fact brought home to our eyes, our ears, our touch, and to all the sensations of outer life. Before this subtle, this genial, this all-pervading element, so widely distributed, yet so unknown to the schools, bends and vanishes at man's bidding, every form of disease, every physical ailment. Through this agency he speaks, and his voice is heard around the circuit of the universe. His very thoughts are made to breathe, and his language, like living fire, is burning up the chaff and the rubbish of the most ancient, as well as modern, mysteries. Permeated by this divine radiation, the ice-locked forms of the cold, dead past are dissolving, like a glacier that has let go its hold from its mountain home, or the northern bergs which have floated from their polar seas. See how is tottering to its base, and waiting the upheaval of the coming volcano, every throne of Europe. How principalities and powers, so long resting on the crystallized ignorance of the ages, are trembling in balances which knowledge is adjusting to man's highest, holiest needs. Like Belshazzar, the knees of the despot and oppressor, everywhere, are smiting together, and everywhere the indications tell them, they are weighed in the balance and found wanting. The focalized pretensions and impostures of nearly twenty centuries, seated, until this wonderful year has dawned, in his pontifical chair at Rome—propped up like a sick baby by French bayonets, now wanted at

home to sustain the waning fortunes of a despot at once the meanest and most capable of tyrants, whose sands of life, thank God, are nearly run—this Pope who has so long lugged the world by his diseased and morbid assumptions, by his claim to be the successor of St. Peter, the vicegerent of God, the holder of the keys of death and hell, he, who, by his unparalleled impudence, effrontery and pretence, has been able for centuries to dam up the streams of knowledge, to check the grand and majestic river of human progress, to hold in chains and in the bondage of ignorance the hundreds of millions who, before this generation shall pass away, shall be emancipated and free from his foul and soul-killing embrace: this spiritual pretender, this foul blot on the escutcheon of humanity, this man who so long was supreme arbiter and dictator to kings, emperors, priests and people, is now so poor, so helpless, so abandoned, that only here and there one even of the falling stars of royalty visits him—and nobody else does even that much—and they only to offer him an asylum where he can retire to some island of the seas, out of sight, and out of hearing, there to remain until the flickering rays of his expiring candle shall go out forever, himself the inheritor only of the scorn and contempt, mingled perhaps, with the pity of mankind. Glorious consummation! God be praised, and may He hasten the day when all tyrants, all pretenders, all kings, all who make merchandise of their priesthood, all monopolists, whether of land, money, or any thing else, shall find no other business or employment but to perform pilgrimages to the tomb of their Popish humbug, remembered by the people only for the good he did not do, and to sit around his resting place clad in sackcloth and ashes, mourning for places and power now lost and forever gone.

Yes, Popery is gone, and with it are going as fast as the wheels of time can roll every dynasty—every crowned head, whether temporal or spiritual, all destined to the same abyss which shall swallow them up forever. Austria, the most intense concentration of Popery, has taken a long stride in the right direction, and soon, very soon, will the sewing-machine, with a gun for its needle, make a seam in the garments of the Hapsburgs that will allow them no further rent from the people in all coming time.

Napoleon has only used the Pope for his own purposes, and, now having no further hopes from such use, he abandons him, as he has done Maximilian, another of his tools. Even Irishmen, so long held in the chains of Popery, thanks to the persecutions of the hard-hearted and hypocritical aristocracy of Great Britain, have formed Fenian circles in the interest of freedom, and of course are brought in direct conflict with the whole herd of popes and their agents, and have cut the ligature which held them fast. This, to be devoutly hoped, will prove the wedge that shall divide the Catholic Irish more fully, and complete their emancipation from the most stupendous religious fraud that ever made a too-confiding people its millions of victims. No fall of the ages has compared with this, which our eyes now witness, in the complete wiping out of the Pope of Rome. This is the religious altar on which the incense of tyranny has burned days and nights, well nigh a score of centuries. Behind this altar has been screened every temporal as well as religious despot. The dungeon, rack and gallows, the gibbet, branding irons and thumb screw, in short, every form and instrument of human torture and human degradation have called upon the mountains and hills of popish power to hide them from public scrutiny, and to shadow them by its more gigantic and more terrible wrongs, in the name of God, from the too-scorching rays of the sun of manhood, now hastening to its meridian.

Spiritual despotism is far more fearful than any other; and when this stupendous embodiment, having its center in Rome, with radiations to all the world, gets its death blow and staggers to its grave, let it be understood that in that grave lies buried the concentrated essence of all tyranny, all despotism, all devilry. From that grave, like the phoenix from his ashes, shall come forth the savior of Reconstruction, who shall crown the people, no longer with thorns, with persecution, with ignorance, and with poverty; but shall crown them with the starry and sparkling diadem of human brotherhood. Reconstruction, that shall reject, in building its new temple, every stone and every timber, from foundation to dome, not shaped and polished by the divine hands of love, truth, justice and charity. Reconstruction, that shall celebrate the nuptials of mercy and truth, who have met together, righteousness and peace, who have kissed each other. Reconstruction, that shall not stop with taking crowns from emperors, kings and queens, but will place them where they belong, on the heads of every human being. Reconstruction, that shall not stop with the overthrow of such gigantic systems as that of American slavery, but shall go on turning and overturning until all shall have equal rights, without regard to condition, sex or color. Reconstruction, that shall dare to do, after the people have fought the battle and won the victory, whatever else is wanting to give that battle its completest effect, and make that victory a success forever. Reconstruction, that shall place the ballot in the hands of every man and woman—that ballot which executes a freeman's will as lightning does the will of God. Reconstruction, that shall uncrown the money-kings and emperors of this boasted

free country, and make it crime, nay, make it impossible, for individuals, by system or by combination, to enrich themselves at the expense of the masses. Reconstruction, that shall make financial robbers give back the hoarded earnings of earnest and half paid toil, to the men and women who have earned them. Reconstruction, that shall strip the gown and ermine from judicial fossils who declare that certain men have no rights that other men are bound to respect, and place them on the persons of those who have learned their lessons where forms are but the rubbish, the chaff of by-gones, and who will know enough and be fearful enough to bring their decisions down to the standard of the hour,

"When man to man, the world all over,
Shall brothers be for a' that, an' a' that."

Reconstruction, that shall not make constitutions at war with declarations of national sentiment. Reconstruction, that will render it hereafter probable that no assassin's hand shall place in the presidential chair a man whose only recommendation is, that he does all he can to oppose and nullify the will of the people. Reconstruction, that shall provide men and women, as legislators, whose laws shall pattern after the divine, the holy and the beautiful in man. Reconstruction, that shall make it as easy, as it is natural for mankind to labor each for the good of all. Reconstruction, that shall rest all its foundations on the adamantine base of everlasting principle.

Such a savior as this shall soon be the world's acknowledged redeemer. Under his mild and benign sway the nations shall learn war no more. Peace on earth, and good will shall become the rule, and not, as now, the exception of life. Intemperance shall be done away, prostitution unheard of and unknown. Education shall be the business of life, and it shall be prosecuted with but a single object—the good of mankind. Vice, with its endless train of evils, shall have no resting place, for the causes which underlie it shall be done away.

This is the work of man himself, aided by all good influences in earth and heaven. To work out his own salvation from the evils of the past and present, is the divine injunction, and man is able for this great heroic and sublimest of accomplishments. Starting with the fundamental principle of human brotherhood, comprehending, as it does, by its very term, the fatherhood of God, and following that principle to ultimates, there can be no such thing as failure. This principle must be carried into every-day life, it must become the all and soul animating influence of our life and conduct. By it we must mould and shape all our institutions—government, of education, of social, and of religious life. This principle is fast dawning upon the world, after its ages of midnight. It is becoming a power, and is making itself felt and acknowledged all over the world. Commerce is crossing all barriers, overstepping all bounds. Time and space are fast being overcome, far distant people are made acquainted. "Mountains interposed" no longer as when Cowper wrote, make enemies of nations. Oceans need no longer, as Jefferson wished them, be a sea of fire between the old and new world; but they have become the blessed highways on whose tidal waves, and beneath whose briny deep, are borne at once the messengers and messages of love and fraternal feeling.

Human brotherhood, tried in America for a century, made possible, to begin with, by a seven years' war with England, and rendered certain by four years of civil strife at home, is now forcing the strong, deep currents of its national magnetism over and beneath the waves, into the very heart of every capital of Europe. Pulsating to its beatings, the great heart-throes of England are passing beyond the control of its aristocracy, and at this very hour its people are demanding, with irresistible earnestness and a force which takes no denial, *reform, REFORM, REFORM*. The clarion cry must and will be heard and heeded. The *vox populi, vox dei*, of the ancient tongue sounds well in modern Saxon, and all the powers of earth shall, ere long, acknowledge the glorious truth that the voice of the people is the voice of God. [Applause.]

Everywhere the waves of agitation are rolling. The tongue, the pen and the sword are all ranging on the side of man, and against oppression. Swifter than the winged arrow are the progressive movements of men. A few days now do the work of centuries.

Yet, as this great social problem is so fast being solved in the more general and governmental departments of life, the cry of the ages is still heard in our midst: "What shall we do to be saved?" Saved from dissipation, saved from prostitution, saved from the frauds and adulteries of commerce so universal in the interchange of the products of men; saved from the causes which make avarice possible, and which make the money and property of men of more consequence than the men themselves; saved from a landed aristocracy fast growing into power here, and which for years and ages has gnawed at the vitals of every country on the other side of the Atlantic; saved from monopolies in trade, by which, through the manipulation of middle men, the road from producer to consumer is blocked by swarms of idle thieves and vagabonds—whose very presence is hated, and if killed off, or better yet, if brought within the range of human brotherhood, and their services turned to some

good account, "the world would be the better for it." Saved from the terrible demoralization which pervades all channels of so-called respectable trade! Can it be done? How can it be done? Yes it can be done. *Should* be done, *must* be done. It can be done by organizing trade, commerce and property relations on the basis of the only true foundation, human brotherhood. The possibility of brotherhood, in anything but the empty name, without embracing property in its range, need not be thought of for one moment.

Slavery in our midst branded the Declaration of Independence with falsehood, and made us a by-word and hissing in every other land. But it is just as true that slavery can exist in harmony with the declaration of human equality, as that men can make property an exception to the rule and principle of universal brotherhood. The texts of scripture which I have read in your hearing to-night, express the logic of the principle, when truly embodied in the human soul. Under the more immediate magnetism of him who spake as never man spake, the property relation on the basis of disintegration vanished before the all-conquering power of divine, incarnate love. It is written in the merchant's ledger and engraved on the banker's heart: "There is no friendship in trade." Here every man's hand is against that of every other man. Brethren in the same religious faith may gather around the same common altar, and the incense of a common prayer may go up together. But a proposition to trade jack-knives will make the warm blood of their spirits curdle in its veins, and they are as far apart as the poles, in everything which goes to make them one. This it is which renders possible such relations as rich and poor. This it is which makes bolts, bars and locks, a necessity. This it is which makes thieves, robbers and murderers possible, and prison and the gallows a matter of course. This system of trade, the moral of which is embodied in that parting advice of a loving mother to her son, whom she told to "get money, to get it honestly if he could, but to be sure and get money," is at war with every natural feeling of the human heart, and makes devils possible.

I know that it will be said, is said, that there is a difference in men in trade, that some men are honest men, who yet make trade a business. So it was said, is said still, perhaps that good men may hold slaves; and they will cite you Shelby and St. Clair, of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in contrast to the cruel and brutal Legree. Well, I am aware that some men have better impulses and finer feelings than others, and that they will be likely to occupy an aristocratic niche where, by association and agreement, they arrange to keep their place, in a great systematic army as refined and as free from grossness as possible. But shall I be told that Edwards, the forger was any less a forger because he was a gentleman in address and appearance. Did not Massachusetts hang Dr. Webster notwithstanding he murdered Dr. Parkman in a scientific way, and was himself a creditable professor in a first-class medical college?

The trouble was, in the case of Shelby and St. Clair, they were slaveholders, and slavery is wrong. Legree, brutal though he was, was the creature of slavery, to which institution Shelby and St. Clair belonged, as well as Legree. But for the respectable slaveholders, the institution could not have survived the breath of manhood until it grew to be the controlling element in the nation, and finally staked its all for the overthrow of the government. It was the respectability of slaveholders that fired the Southern heart and laid the match at Sumter. They denied the brotherhood of man, and carried out that denial to its logical sequence.

They do the same in trade and property. I deny that Shelby and St. Clair were honest men, respectable men, only as you view them through a slaveholder's lens. And I deny that there can be any honest man, a Christian man, a true man, or just man, engaged in the present system of trade. The system *itself* is false, and no man can get rid of the responsibility who is in any way connected with it.

In fact, the system of commerce which denies human brotherhood lies at the very base of all slavery; and the logic of my holding and getting property at the expense of my fellow-man is ownership of the man himself. As slavery controlled the legislation, the pulpit, the morals, and established the social conditions there, and as the chief object was to get rid of work by the slaveholders and make some one else do it for them, which is the sole object of all who trade on the principle of getting, as all men try to, the *best end of the bargain*, so money is the touch-stone of power in the North, and controls our legislation, our pulpits and our social relations, as much as slavery did in the South. There are no honest traders, and cannot be. Nor does it matter which side of the counter one is.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body trickery is, and fraud the soul."

[Laughter.] The buyer and seller come up toward each other like cows to hook, side ways. [Laughter.] "What will you give?" says the seller to the buyer. "Oh, I don't know; what will you take?" is the reply. All manhood is laid aside when the garments of our system of trade are put on. The merchant educates the farmer, or whoever else may come to buy, to lie; and the farmer, well taught,

reads back the lesson, that "two can play at that game." From the crown of its head to the soul of its foot the system of trade is thoroughly demoralized and demoralizing to man. Trickery, fraud, collusion, are its bosom companions. Nothing so controls and influences mankind. Everybody, old and young, must needs trade. Hence, everybody is *particeps criminis* in sustaining the system.

Must it always be so? Shall it be said that man is competent to every other work of reform, and powerless here? Is human brotherhood a partialism, or a universalism? How stand the facts? Has co-operation ever had a fair trial with competition? Have resolute, determined men of principle and lovers of the race ever taken hold of the question in a practical manner? [Voice: "No."] I believe they have, and that it is to a large extent in Europe, and to a less extent on this continent, a demonstrated success. Co-operative associations of many years' standing are in full successful operation in England to-day, and bid fair to become, if they are not already, a power to be felt in commercial life. The same may be, and perhaps is, true in this country. I, myself, have had something to do in this direction, as a matter of experiment, never doubting the principle, and I found it to work admirably. My trial, too, was made at every disadvantage. Remote from commercial surroundings, off from a railroad, in a sparsely settled country of farmers, who were in the main obliged to leave behind them other towns and villages, and to cross railroads to reach my place. Yet, in this solitude I succeeded, by the power of the principle itself, in revolutionizing the systems of trade, the effect of which is yet felt in the neighborhood.

I know it will take business talent and persistent self-sacrificing effort to establish co-operation where competition has so long—in fact always—had a clear field. But no good cause ever yet succeeded in any other way.

A little more than thirty years ago, a man of steady purpose, in an attic in Boston, started a paper scarcely bigger than my two hands, called the "Liberator." He wrote, and set his own type, and in its first number he said the young *Liberator* should yet shake this continent from center to circumference. That man now lives, but there is no longer need for the publication of his paper. When Lee and Johnson gave up, and Jeff. Davis had a casemate in Fortress Monroe, Wm. Lloyd Garrison stopped the *Liberator*—not till then. When he started, rewards for his head of \$20,000 were offered by Southern legislatures, and he was haltered by a mob three thousand strong in the streets of Boston, and only saved from their allowances of that mob by his being placed in jail and locked up by the sheriff and his posse.

Thirty years have rolled away, and the Proclamation of Emancipation to a whole race, by the martyred Lincoln, is the fruit of the tree planted by Garrison. Slavery was fortified in every department of the Government. It had \$3,000,000,000 in human beings. They fought four years in its defence. Men and women gave all they had freely to be laid on the altar of slavery. It is dead and buried. The bravery of our sons and the heroism and fidelity of our daughters to liberty, as a principle, at last overcame. Such a people can do anything that may of right, and should be done. Satisfied that the present system of trade is in violation of human brotherhood, and is productive only of evil, it becomes the duty of those who see and feel the wrong to unite in the crusade and enlist for the war. We may lose reputation, but we have lost it long ago in the esteem of slaveholders. We may lose money, or may not make it; but we shall exchange treasures of earth, which moth and rust corrupt and which invite the thief to steal, for the more solid and enduring treasures of a conscience void of offense toward God and man. We shall secure companionship with justice, love and charity. We shall make every-day life a work of benevolence and consequent happiness.

The times are auspicious. Old ways are losing hold on the public mind, intelligence in the masses is coming to our aid, and the path to success is not so rugged as we think. Our efforts will at first be in a small way; but smallest helps, if rightly given, make the impulse stronger. "It will be strong enough one day. 'Wait a little longer.'" [Applause.]

Will ye despise the acorn
Just thrusting out its shoot,
Ye giants of the forest,
Who strike the deepest root?

Will ye despise the streamlets
Upon the mountain's side,
Ye broad and mighty rivers,
On-sweeping to the tide?

Time now his scythe is whetting,
Ye giant oaks, for you;
Ye seas, the floods are thirsting
To drink you as the dew.

Will ye despise the crescent
That trembles newly born,
Thou bright and peerless planet
Whose reign shall reach the morn'?

That crescent, faint and trembling,
Its lamp shall nightly trim,
Till thou, imperious planet,
Shall in that light grow dim.

And so shall wax the party,
Now feeble at its birth,
Till liberty shall cover
This tyrant-trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,
The "party of the whole,"
Has for its firm foundation
The substance of the soul.

It groweth out of reason,
The strongest soil below;
The smaller at its budding,
The more there's room to grow.

Our plant is of the cedar,
That knoweth not decay;
Its growth shall bless the mountains
Till mountains pass away.

Then, rally to our standard,
Supported by the true;
The weakest are the waning,
The many are the few.

Of what is small, but living,
God makes Himself the nurse;
While, "Onward," cry the voices
Of all His universe.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.—Mahmoud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has published an interesting treatise, with the view of proving their dates from their connection with Sirius, "the Dog-star." The late Viceroy, Said Pacha, ordered him to work on his problem. He found the exact measurement of the largest to be 231 metres to the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows that the sides are at angle of 50° 45'. Mahmoud Pasha found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52°. The fact that the sides of these monuments are fixed exactly true to the four quarters of the globe, seemed to point to some connection with the stars, and Mahmoud Bey found Sirius sends his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghizeb. He then found, on calculating back, the exact position the stars occupied in past centuries—that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the great pyramid 3,300 years B. C. Sirius was dedicated to the god Sothis, or Toth Anubis; and hence the astronomer deduces that the pyramids were built about 3,300 B. C., a date nearly coinciding with Bunsen's calculation, which fixes the reign of Cheops at thirty-four centuries B. C.

MORE "SOCIAL SCIENCE."—M. Jean Dollfus, a large manufacturer in France, finding upon investigation that the women employed in his factories lost forty per cent. of their children in the first year, whereas the average mortality at that age in France, is only eighteen, determined, with a princely philanthropy, to go to the root of the evil by paying every recent mother six weeks' wages, without work. The result has been the reduction of infant mortality in the district from forty to twenty-five per cent. in three years. Other manufacturers have introduced a similar plan, by inducing the employees to contribute to a fund. The subject is of importance everywhere, and some provision of the kind is demanded by humanity, both for mothers and children.—*Sci. American.*

A Cincinnati police justice lately decided that any corporal punishment of a pupil in a public school by the teacher is unlawful.

Mrs. Lydia M. Child said of children—"They form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls."

THE USHER.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love."

Departed to the Summer Land, from Osseo, Hennepin Co., Minn., Feb. 21st, ALMEDA, wife of Robert Thomas, in the 62d year of her age.

The departed was educated in the Quaker faith, but has been for many years a firm and consistent believer of the Spiritual Philosophy. M. J. C.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

KEEP your feet dry, wear good shoes, keep them well stuffed with oil, and well mended, and then if you are unfortunate enough to get a cough or cold, use Coe's Cough Balsam to cure it. It will do it every time.

It is also important that our readers should all know that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure is reliable and certain to cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia; a teaspoonful a day of it will enable the most confirmed dyspeptic to eat anything he chooses without trouble. It is an excellent remedy for any disease of the stomach or bowels.

CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT ONE.—The Rev. Lemuel Bissell, Missionary to India, writing from Milan, Ohio, March 5th, 1866, says: "The Machine you sold us a year ago gives entire satisfaction. Having a family to prepare for a long sea voyage, we have had an opportunity to test it thoroughly, and the more we test it, the better we like it. My wife says, she must take a Willcox & Gibbs with us to India; and if I tell her we cannot afford it, she replies: We cannot afford to be without one."

DR. MILLER'S HEPATIC POWDERS.—A Clairvoyantly discovered Specific for the certain cure of all Liver derangements. Worth their weight in gold to remove biliousness. Sent by mail, with full directions for use, for fifty cents and two three-cent stamps. Address, Dr. LEO MILLER, Box 2326, Chicago, Ill. 11-1f

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POLAND'S MAGIC BILIOUS POWDERS.—These powders are a sure cure for liver complaint, and all bilious derangements. They never fail. Can be obtained at all drug stores, or by mail. Price 50 cents. C. G. CLARK & Co., New Haven, Conn. Fuller, Finch & Fuller, Chicago, General Agents. 3-3-1y

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by hair, in his office, Merriman Block, Jackson, Mich., every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination, \$2. The money should accompany orders. 15-1f

Mrs. M. C. Jordan, Healing, Prophetic and Business medium, 133 Clark street, Room No. 9, Morrison's Building.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold regular meetings in Cumberland Street Lecture Room, between Lafayette and DeKalb avenues, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M.

GALESBURG, ILL.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Olmsted's Hall, next building west of Galesburg House, third story.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday evening in Black's Musical Institute, [Palmer's Hall] Main street. Public Circle Thursday evenings.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Music Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 7 1/2 P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall No. 130 Main street, third floor.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening, in the "Free Church."

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Regular meetings at Moor's Hall, corner of Maine and Fourth sts., at 10:30 A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Waybosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings formerly held at Sansom street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Lyceum meeting, which is held at 10 o'clock—the lecture commencing at 11 1/2 A. M.; evening lecture at 7 1/2.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

RICHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings in Henry Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 2:30 P. M.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 1/2 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists hold meetings and have addresses by able speakers, in Union League Hall, every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

ST. LOUIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their meeting in the (new) Polytechnic Hall, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Lyceum at 3 P. M. Myron Colony, Conductor.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn, inspirational speaker. Address, Ludlow, Vt., till January 1st, 1867.

Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis., will attend to calls for lectures on Progressive Reforms.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Mechanic's Hall, Charleston, Mass., during March; in Somers, Conn., during April.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmsted county, Minn.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker. Address Pardeeville, Wis.

J. P. Cowles, M. D., will answer calls to lecture upon scientific subjects, embracing Hygiene, Physiology, (cerebral and organic) announcing truths new to the scientific world and of great practical use. Address 22 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary J. Colburn, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn.

Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Brandon, Vt.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. M. Davis will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 1155 Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Lizzie Doten. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A. T. Foss lectures in Plymouth, Mass., during February; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

H. P. Fairfield. Address Greenwich village, Mass.

S. J. Finney lectures in Troy, N. Y., until further notice. Address accordingly.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker. Address New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

S. C. Hayford will answer calls to lecture, and organize Children's Lyceums, if desired. Address, Girard Avenue, Railroad Depot, Philadelphia, Pa., care of C. Mallory.

Mrs. Emma Hardings can be addressed during March and April, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; in May, care of A. W. Pugh, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio; also care of Thos. Kenney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Moses Hull, 724 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis., will respond to calls to lecture, in any part of the United States.

Harvey A. Jones will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and the Reform questions of the day.

Susie M. Johnson lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, during March; in Sturgis, Mich., in April. Address accordingly.

Mr. O. P. Kellogg speaks to the Friends of Progress at Monroe, O., the first Sunday, and at Andover the second Sunday of each month. Address, East Trumbull, Ohio.

J. S. Loveland lectures in Sturgis, Mich., during March. Address accordingly.

Dr. Leo Miller will answer calls to lecture Sundays within a reasonable distance of Chicago. Address, P. O. box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Lawrence, Kansas, one third; Topeka, one third, and Wyandotte one third of the time for the present. Address as above.

Mrs. Kate Parker, Marengo, Ill., lectures on Spiritualism, and Political Equality for Woman.

L. Judd Pardee, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, Inspirational Speaker, Disco, Mich.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Address, Brodhead, Green county, Wis.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Inspirational Speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Selah Van Sickle, Green Bush, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity.

Ewing Summers, Utilitarian, Galesburg, Ill., will answer calls to lecture.

Elijah Woodworth will lecture near Coldwater, in Branch Co., Mich., during January and February.

N. Frank White will lecture in Cincinnati, Ohio, during March and April; in Battle Creek, Mich., during May; in Oswego, N. Y., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Mrs. S. B. Warner will lecture in Beloit, Wis., the Sundays of March and April. Address accordingly, or Box 14, Berlin, Wis.

N. S. Warner, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Iowa. Address Woodbin, Harrison Co. Iowa.

E. Whipple. Address Sturgis, Mich.

E. V. Wilson lectures in New Boston, Ill., during the months of April and May.

E. Whipple will speak in Clyde, Ohio, March 10th; commence a course on Geology in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, March 6th; will speak in South Newberry, Ohio, Sunday, March 17th. Address, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., (Inspirational Speaker,) will lecture in the vicinity of Detroit, Mich., during March. Address, care of H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit.

A. A. Wheelock, trance and inspirational speaker, St. John's Mich.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will labor in New England, during April and June. Friends on the Springfield and Boston road, who secure her services, please address immediately at Hammon's Co., N. J.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Boston, will answer calls to lecture West this winter. Address 285 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC REGISTER.

We insert in this department the names of those whose address is an item of public interest.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 6325 Chicago, Ill.

B. J. Butts. Address Hopedale, Mass.

Warren Chase. Address 544 Broadway, New York.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. J. Edwin Churchhill. Address Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark. Address care of Banner of Light office.

Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Dr. E. C. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill.

Rev. James Francis. Address, Estherville, Emmet co., Iowa.

Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

N. S. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass.

J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.

W. H. Hoisington, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis.

Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y.

Charles A. Hayden. Address 82 Monroe street, Chicago.

S. S. Jones, President Illinois State Association of Spiritualists. Address, Room 12, Methodist Church Block, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan Dr. Leo Miller, box 2326, Chicago, Ill.

Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. L. Potter. Address, Burns, La Crosse Co, Wis.

Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.

Austin E. Simmons. Address Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass.

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A. B. Whiting, Albion, Mich.

Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.

Lois Waisbrooker can be addressed at Union Lakes, Rice Co., Minn., care of Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, till further notice.

F. L. H. Willis. Address, P. O. box 39, Station D, New York City.

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Table listing books for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Age of Reason', 'American Crisis', 'Answers to Ever Recurring Questions', etc.

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Table listing new and select assortments of books, categorized by Medical, Religious, Biographical, Poetical, Reformatory, Historical, and Literary. Includes titles like 'Emerson's Poems', 'Oliver Wendell Holmes's Poems', etc.

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Communications from mediums inserted free of charge.
Spirits in spirit life ask all those who may read this paper to act as agents in getting subscribers, thereby hastening the day when intercourse with the world of spirits shall be better understood. There has yet been only money enough placed in my hands, by spirits in the spirit world, to publish the paper during March, April and May. But we have the assurance of spirits in the spirit world, that this paper will live on and on to a green old age, and that the subscription list will be large enough to sustain it after three months. Published monthly.
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MRS. F. E. KENNEDY, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, has returned to Chicago, and may be found at 193 West Madison street. Old friends and new ones are cordially invited. Terms in accordance with the times. 2-1m

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